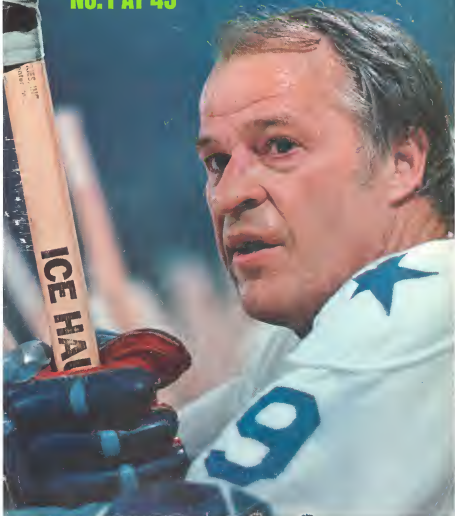


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 11, 1974

60 CENTS

AMAZING GORDIE HOWE
No. 1 AT 45



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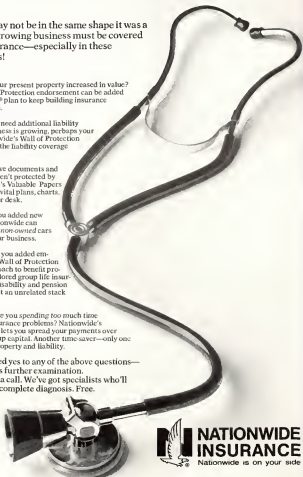
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Next week

MAKE OR BREAK time has come for college basketball. A look at the NCAA tourney lineup plus reports on UCLA vs. USC and the ACC's annual donkeybrawl at Greensboro

MEAT HUNTERS, blasting away from helicopters, are slaughtering deer on New Zealand's South Island with government approval. Robert F. Jones reports the warlike cons.

A LEGEND comes to life in the most awe-inspiring and forthright biography of Babe Ruth ever written. In Robert Creamer's first installment, Ruth quits pitching and turns to slugging

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

PLAYING IT SAFE

Wide-eyed and possibly trapped, National Hockey League owners may have brought themselves more trouble by agreeing to settle the World Hockey Association's monopolistic-practices suit for \$1.75 million and other considerations, such as interleague preseason exhibition games. Through its lawyer, Alan Eagleson, the NHL Players' Association may throw a wrench into the deal by refusing to permit its players to engage in the exhibition games, even though the league says it will sweeten the players' pension fund with \$150,000. It hardly seems likely that Eagleson will consider the sum adequate compensation for the players' potential loss of power to keep two leagues bidding for their services.

The NHL owners, who left the entire WHA negotiations to their lawyers—League Presidents Clarence Campbell of the NHL and Dennis Murphy of the WHA never met—no doubt consider the settlement the lesser of evils. They have not said so publicly, but they were in no mood to take chances with the suit. At least half of the WHA clubs are in need of immediate infusions of money. Had one or more of them failed before the settlement, the WHA could have used that fact as evidence of restraint of trade and perhaps have won the \$16 million suit. With treble damages, this could have amounted to \$48 million. Even dealing with Eagleson is cheaper than that.

FISH TALES

For years Ohioan Warren Wells has been studying anglers. Now, from his lofty perch as chief naturalist of the Hamilton County Park District, he delivers his opinion: some of the breed are strange fish indeed.

There are the spitters, for instance. They expectorate into the mouth of their first catch, for luck. Not good enough, claim others. For best results you must spit on the bait, not once but three times.

Some fishermen keep a well-stocked

goldfish tank handy. If the carp are going, the atmosphere is right and stream and lake fish will be biting. Then there is the gravity school. When gravity is drawing the fishes' blood toward their heads, they're not biting; but watch out if the gravity starts flowing tailward.

One fisherman Wells knows of puts an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a clothespin and casts with it. It isn't that the fish have acid indigestion. To the fish the sizzling sounds like an insect.

So, any hints from the coolly scientific Wells himself? Well, yes. Watch the family cat. If he is friendly, you'll have a full creel because the cat figures he'll cut in on the feed for good behavior. And watch your language. Fish are not hooked on profanity.

MEASURE UP

There is still a month of skiing left. For those who harbor doubts about their fitness for handling the spring corn, a group of doctors in California, writing for *Skiing* magazine, has prepared a self-searching physical. It will not do much for form but, on a system of points, it could be the basis for survival.

Overweight by 10 pounds on a standard chart will cost you five points. Pinch your abdomen and if the flesh between the thumb and forefinger goes over a half inch, five points for each half inch. Close your eyes, extend arms straight out with feet close together. Waver or fall, 15 more points.

From a squat, rise with one leg extended. Ten points if you fall on one leg, 10 more if on the other. Five more points for failing to balance on a 2 x 4 and five for not hanging for three seconds from a chinning bar by one hand. Anything fewer than 10 pushups will cost a point a non-push, and 15 situps will come dear, one point for each five seconds over 30 seconds, 10 points for being unable to do the 15 situps. Lose a point, too, for each second over eight for the 40-yard sprint, another point for each 10 seconds over 14 minutes for the mile and a half. It costs

five points each time you touch when jumping, feet together, through a field of tires and five points if you can chin yourself only once.

If your score is over 50, the doctors say to stay away from the slopes. If it is between 11 and 50, eschew the expert trails. One to 10, have fun. And zero? Forget about skiing. Contact the Houston Oilers. They need you.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

Publications in Lexington, Ky. have been running a blind advertisement that has to rank up there with King Richard III's offer of his kingdom for a horse. "I have a violin," the unnamed owner writes. "Inscription reads as follows: ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CEREMONENFIS FACIABAT ANNO 1716. . . What offers? I will take race horse in trade."

FLOP, FLIP

First there was the Fosbury flop, which was expected to be just that and no more until Dick Fosbury won a gold medal in the high jump at Mexico City in 1968 and everybody started flopping. Now there is the flip, and if Bernhard Sterle of West



Germany gets the hang of the thing he may revolutionize the long jump.

A 32-year-old teacher, Sterle has been a long, high and triple jumper as well as a pole vaulter. To get more distance on his long jump he started practicing a somersault in midair. He unveiled the technique last month to an astonished crowd at the South German indoor champion-

continued

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ships. It failed that day, but a week later, after going 24' 2 1/4" in the conventional manner, he switched to the flip and landed 24' 4 1/4" from the takeoff board. He is working seriously on it now, but so far is sparing us the hop, skip, flip and jump.

THE HIGH COST OF SITTING

The rising costs of college football have raised the roof at the University of Oklahoma, where a pressed athletic department has been searching for new ways to drill funds from loyal Boomer Sooners. OU now proposes to sell "priority rights" to its choicest seats.

The plan is simple, but not cheap. Donors of \$250 would be entitled to buy season tickets between the 40-yard lines, donors of lesser amounts to less advantageous locations, down to \$100 for seats within the 20-yard stripes. There would be a limit of 20 donations by a customer. Based on five home games and the current ticket price of \$7.25, the cost per seat would go to \$37.25. However, people willing to donate more than \$250—should a bidding war arise—would be allowed to do so, upping each seat's price still further.

In defending the plan, university officials said that no more than 4,000 seats would be affected. Longtime season ticket-holders who might have to be moved will receive the next-highest priority. And what about anybody else who would like to improve his position? He can always go out and dig his own oil well. Oklahoma, as the plan's many detractors have been saying, not O.K.

RHYME TIME

Up-to-date Indianapolis has a name for its new World Hockey Association franchise—the Racers. They will begin play next season in the city's new 18,000-seat downtown sports arena along with the ABA basketball team, the Pacers. And there is talk of building a stadium to house an NFL football team, should Indy get one. Has to be Macers or Lacers.

OIL RICH

If some American tennis circles will not give a plugged nickel for the Davis Cup, the Australians will—and have, \$375,000, in fact. It might be a long, long time before any nation takes the cup away from them.

In an unprecedented move the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia named last year's successful captain, Neale Fra-

ser, as the country's first tennis director and its Davis Cup captain for the next five years. Even Harry Hopman never had a contract for more than a year.

Backing the five-year plan with its fat grant is Esso Australia, Ltd., an offshoot of the American firm. Fraser will get \$37,000 a year, and the rest of the money will be used to groom young players and to ensure adequate reimbursement to expensive champions like John Newcombe, Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall. Already Fraser has contacted the three, asking them to be available from the semifinals on.

Fraser underscored his seriousness by turning down a \$50,000-a-year offer from World Team Tennis to play the U.S. circuit. Said LTAA President Wayne Reid: "This is a big step for Australian tennis. We are now in a position to provide younger players with experience by sending them away with Davis Cup teams. The sponsorship will enable Australia to continue to seek the services of the best players to keep the Davis Cup in Australia."

WHEMI

Smelt dippers, count your blessings. Because of the gas shortage, the State of Washington Fisheries Department has upped the catch limit from 20 to 40 pounds, figuring that most of you are not going to make it to the banks of the smelt-rich Cowlitz River anyway. Limits may be raised, too, on clams, oysters, spiny-rays, bottom fish and maybe even high lake trout. But don't get greedy. Imagine running out of gas halfway home. The old buggy would never smell the same.

VIEWPOINT

Spectators at the Capital Centre where the Bulls play (page J6) apparently could not be happier with their Telscreen, but the fact remains that the instant-reply TV system is not being used to its full capacity. While the Bulls' scoring plays are run back almost without exception, close-up looks at officials' calls seldom are.

General Manager Bob Ferry claims that the only agreement the Bulls have with the NBA is that Telscreen will be used "in good taste," but Telscreen's taste seems too refined even for the referees, who might be expected to object to being second-guessed and who have been guarded lately by NBA headquarters like maidens in a Turkish bath.

"The way I look at it, it would be an advantage for me and the rest of the officials if they put all our calls up there," says Referee Jake O'Donnell, who was once an American League baseball umpire. "Then I think the fans would find out just how few bad calls we make. I was in baseball when they first tried the instant replays on television. I think the owners thought it would embarrass the umpires, but it worked out exactly the opposite. When they slowed the action down, it showed we were almost 100% correct on close calls that looked from the stands like they could go either way. My feeling is that we need as much of that sort of thing as we can to show the fans how competent the refs are."

If they are as good as they claim, they deserve a second look.

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

Bob Gibson of the Cardinals has a good ear for spring-training queries, as well as an excellent I.R.A. He left a sign on his locker at St. Petersburg: "In case I'm not here: (1) Knee feels bad. (2) Weather doesn't matter. (3) Arm doesn't feel too good yet. (4) None of your damn business."

The last answer anticipates the prying question: "What about your recent divorce?"

THEY SAID IT

• Lou Carnesecca, basketball coach, asked what was the difference in coming back to coach St. John's after leaving the New York Nets: "\$50,000."

• Bobby Hull, on today's athletes: "Why should a guy with a half-million-dollar contract want to have blood dripping down his face, or sweat, or play with bruises? Hell, they won't even play with bruised feelings now."

• Paul Hansen, Oklahoma City University coach, sitting in his office a few nights after OCU upset Oral Roberts University 100-94 when a brilliant lightning flash lit up the room: "Oral is still mad at us."

• Bud Harrelson, on the Atlanta Braves officials' statement that they think Atlanta fans deserve to see Henry Aaron break Babe Ruth's home run record: "If they really want to do it for the Braves fans, let them play in Milwaukee."

• Billy Martin, manager of the Texas Rangers, quoting Casey Stengel: "The secret of managing a club is to keep the five guys who hate you away from the five who are undecided." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 11, 1974

ROBIN COMES BOBBIN' ALONG

In the blustery windup of the winter's biggest sailing series, the SORC, one boat went to the bottom and the ultimate winner, seemingly a cinch, had some bad moments **by CARLETON MITCHELL**





Around the starting line of the Miami to Nassau race, the last distance event of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the sea lay deceptively calm. True, a forecast given out at the captains' meeting promised a cold front on the way, which might mean fresh northerly winds and a bumpy passage, but the fleet took it to mean no more than a fast downhill slide to the land of goombay drums and planter's punches. Yet inshore, the Miami Beach skyline was beginning to be swallowed by a chill mist, and the circling yachts were soon to find that the edge of the Gulf Stream was not delineated by the usual fair-weather transition from the jade green of the shallows to the purple-blue of the ocean abyss, but by marching gray waves showing white teeth, and a sudden freshening of the wind. The line of demarcation was knife sharp.

A 2 o'clock gun sent Class A close-reaching toward the first turning mark, Great Isaac Light, at the northwestern corner of the Great Bahama Bank. For the fleet, it was the point of no return. Neither the contestants nor the chairman of the race committee, Charles S. Wilson, were aware that the weather pattern had radically changed. To the familiar meteorologist's warning accompanying even mild disturbances that "small craft should remain in protected waters" was now added a more specific and ominous prediction: winds of 35 knots during the night, with Gulf Stream seas in excess of 10 feet. Dr. Gilbert Clarke, local director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, who had conducted the earlier weather briefing, had been frantically trying to reach Wilson to tell him that the first of two fronts of unusual intensity would arrive by 6 p.m., and to suggest that the start be called off. Failing, he notified the Coast Guard.

With a reef in the ripped mainsail that was a worry at the end, winter "Robin Too II" flies.

"Fortunately, I did not telephone my office before leaving on the committee boat," said Wilson afterward. "Otherwise I would have been on the spot. I could have thanked NOAA for the information and gone ahead, but it would have been hard to start against the wishes of the Coast Guard." The circular outlining conditions for the race does not provide for postponement or cancellation. As Bobby Symonette of the committee on the Nassau end points out, "We assume that any boat coming to the line is capable of going to sea, no matter what the weather."

So at 15-minute intervals the gun sounded and a fresh wave charged blithely forth, down to the lightest brigade, the Tonners of Class E. The pattern was the same, regardless of size. Most skippers were content to set reaching jibs, remaining under control at hull speed, but a few in each class tried for the extra fraction. *Phantom*, a new 66-foot C&C sloop near the top of Class A, was the first to get into trouble. Setting a huge star-cut spinnaker shortly after the start, she took off on a cresting sea upon crossing into the Stream and for long minutes plunged doggedly onward, surging wildly, main boom digging into the sea as she struggled to regain control. For their part, a pair of racing archrivals, the two Tedd—Turner aboard *Lighthouse* and Hood on his latest One Tonner, *Robin Too II*—put on a mini match race. Both were carrying flankers—spinnakers cut flat and lacking the high round shoulders of the lighter-weather parachutes—when they neared the Stream neck and neck. As in the larger classes, both almost went into orbit after climbing the first graybeard, but Ted Turner managed to remain in control. Ted Hood could not prevent surges that caused his flanker to alternately break and fill in thunderous crashes. Sagging off to leeward, he was obviously losing ground to *Lighthouse*, so he went to a reaching jib. Still dropping behind, he gamely tried going back to the

rockward



Survivors of the "Wimoweh" sinking and the rescuers join the deck of "Osprey" in Nassau.

flanker, again without success, and so the fleet disappeared under a darkening sky: *Equation*, Jack Potter's ketch-rigged Class A speedster, opening out ahead of the entire pack, *Lightnin'* and *Robin Too II* leading the class most likely to succeed if the wind stayed aft, but with two newcomers, *America Jane II* and *Country Woman*, in close pursuit.

The prediction of strong gusts and big seas, steepened and deepened by the flow of Gulf Stream current against the wind, came true, but reactions were blasé. Arthur Knapp, aboard *Equation*, spoke only of "soug like hell" in winds that touched 40 knots over the deck, to round Great Isaac at 7:20. Bob Bayer, helmsman on Bob Denecktor's *Salty Goose*, opined that, because of lack of sail changes or variation in the direction of the breeze, it was "almost boring." But the fleet was not to escape unscathed. At 9:17 a red flare blossomed against the jet-black sky. *Osprey*, skippered by M. J. (Mike) Fisher of Muncie, Ind., turned on the radio and heard a Mayday from

fellow Class C competitor *Wimoweh*, which reported, "We hit something very hard and are going down." *Wimoweh*, winner of last summer's Biloxi to Cozumel race, was an Ericson 46 sailed by Temple Brown. She had slammed at flank speed into North East Rock, one of a string of low, unmarked islets rising abruptly from deep water east of Great Isaac Light. A sharp projection had ripped a gash in her hull, crew members had tried to stem the flood with blankets, but those monitoring the radio could hear the slosh of water on every transmission. *Osprey* immediately changed course to help, along with *Merry Thought* and *Cava*, while *Sowey* stood by to act as radio relay between *Osprey* and the Coast Guard cutter *Diligence*. When *Osprey* approached *Wimoweh*, flashlights showed the sloop silhouetted against seas breaking on rocks two or three feet high. It was ticklish maneuvering to hold *Osprey* near until the 11-man crew could abandon ship, especially as it was impossible to be sure what lay hidden. *Wimoweh* had been carrying two inflatable life rafts, enough for all hands as required by the rules, but one failed to open, and the other could not be boarded until the canopy had been slit with a knife. By the time two raft trips had been completed, the stern light of *Wimoweh* was beginning to lift for the final plunge. "Just like the *Thonic*," someone said.

With 18 men aboard the 41-foot sloop instead of the starting crew of seven, *Osprey* went back on course. "Everybody kept their cool," Mike Fisher said. "Flames appeared under our cockpit about 20 minutes after the *Wimoweh* crew came aboard because someone had punched the bilge pump switch by mistake and the pump shorted out, but no one seemed upset. After getting squared away we went to nine-man watches to give breathing room below, with people sleeping all over the sole. For breakfast John Rumsey cooked lasagne pancakes and sausages. There were no big eaters at dinner so John added the leftover lasagne to the pancake batter. But the funny thing was when everyone appeared on deck at the change of watch—just like the act in the circus when all the clowns pour out of the little taxi. A guy almost fell overboard from a boat alongside trying to count."

There was a brief lull for the leaders at the second turning mark, Great Stirrup Cay. Then the weather gods fired the

second barrel of the double front. Most skippers reported their strongest gusts during the final leg, when the wind was free enough to carry spinnakers. *Equation* "came screeching in," to quote Navigator Ed Cotter, frequently surfing for sustained bursts of 18 knots. She roared across the finish at 7:16 Tuesday morning, not breaking the record of 15 hours, 52 minutes and 17 seconds set by *Windward Passage* in 1969, but averaging some 10 knots to win Class A. Yet, as in the Lipton Cup race of the preceding week, conditions made it almost inevitable that the One Tonners would continue to prevail. When the spray settled and results were computerized, Class E had taken all but one of the first 10 fleet positions, the Class D Goliwog slipping into sixth place. As though adding insult to injury, *Equation* dropped back to 65th in the overall standings.

For those awaiting the Miami-Nassau finish, the only question was which One Tonner would take first in class, thereby first over all. It turned out to be *America Jane II*, owned by George Tooby and flying the bungee of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club. She had slipped between *Lightnin'* and *Robin Too II* on the reach between Great Isaac and Great Stirrup, and increased her lead on the final spinnaker run. Named for Tooby's great-grandmother, who trekked to California by wagon train in 1845, *America Jane II* was designed and tank-tested by Olin Stephens to be an improvement on *Lightnin'*. In the conditions encountered, she was, finishing 12 minutes, 35 seconds ahead of Ted Turner. Then came *Country Woman*, a development of Doug Peterson's *Gambare*, the sensation of last summer's World One Ton Cup in Sardinia. *Robin Too II* had dropped back to fourth, still good enough to all but catch for Ted Hood the Governor of Florida Trophy, awarded to the boat with the highest point score in the six events comprising the Southern Circuit.

Before the Lipton race, the larger boats had been leading. *Scurawauche*, a 55-foot Class B sloop designed by German Frers of Buenos Aires, was on top by a substantial margin after a third in the opening St. Petersburg-Anclote Key race, a second in the longest bash of all, 370 miles around the tip of Florida from St. Pete to Fort Lauderdale, and a first in the ocean triangle race, from Miami around Great Isaac and back. *Ramming Tide* of Class A lay second overall, with

Robin Too II third. But after the twin disasters for the big boys in the Lipton and the Miami-Nassau, Ted Hood was comfortably ahead—now leading the new occupant of second place, *America Jane II*, by 45.5 points. With only the day race for the Nassau Cup remaining, there seemed no way he could lose the SORC title short of a dismasting.

But nothing is sure in yacht racing, as a decision of the protest committee demonstrated almost 48 hours after the last straggler had arrived from Miami. Mike Fisher and the other skippers coming to the aid of *Wimoweh* had quite properly requested an allowance for time lost during rescue operations. Navigators' logs and radio contacts established the period when they were not sailing the course, 1 hour 23 minutes in the case of *Osprey*, 46 minutes for *Merry Thought*, 40 for *Sonny* and 17 for *Cava*. However, the committee felt it necessary to grant *Osprey* additional time as compensation for the loss of speed caused by the weight of the *Wimoweh* II over the remaining distance. *Osprey* and the other Class C boats involved had been averaging eight knots before the rescue. Afterward, in identical conditions, she dropped to between 7.5 and 7.75 knots, so an additional 27 minutes representing lost speed was awarded, bringing the total to two hours, and thereby exploding a bombshell. *Osprey* advanced from 89th in fleet to overall winner, and *Merry Thought* jumped from 14th to second in class. For once the Good Samaritan was bountifully rewarded. For the record, many boats that must have seen the flares made no effort to turn back, but as one cynic remarked, the next time a Mayday sounds there will be a race within a race as would-be rescuers converge.

The drama of the sinking and its aftermath somewhat obscured the fact that 111 of 112 starters finished without untoward incident, although driven to the limit and beyond. Over the years the quality of the fleet has improved in the same ratio as its quantity.

When the racers went to the start of the Nassau Cup later in the week—on a day that might have been arranged by the Chamber of Commerce for escapees from northern climes—it seemed there would be an end to drama. The sun glinted on a blue sea, the sky was dappled with the small fluffy clouds of fair weather and the breeze came in from north-east at no more than 18 knots. *Running*



As small craft excelled, biggest splashes from the contenders behind "Robin" came from Ted Turner's "Lightning," the No. 2 boat, and George Tooby's "America Jane II." (Inset)



Tide showed her usual speed to windward in Class A, and there began the familiar duel at the other end of the fleet, the two Teds battling for the lead in Class E but strongly challenged by the Bruce King-designed *Terrorist*. Suddenly, Ted Hood dropped back with a torn mainsail. Reefing, *Robin Too II* still kept close to the leaders, but an hour later her genoa sagged like a broken wing, and she turned back toward the start, seemingly out of the race. A headstay flitting had let go at the deck. Ten minutes later it had been jury-rigged, but had not the wire luff of the jib stood up to the strain, the mast

might have gone over the side, and with it Ted Hood's first SORC championship. As it was, he finished fifth in class and 11th in fleet for the day, with *America Jane II* only a boat length ahead at the finish, and that left Hood securely on top. *Lightning's* second in class and fleet to *Terrorist* elevated Ted Turner to runner-up in the SORC standings, and *America Jane II* came in third. As consolation, the previous SORC leaders, *Scaramouche* and *Running Tide*, topped their respective classes for the circuit. But, sink or sail, it was the year of the One Tonners, the hottest class afloat.

END

SUPERDAD SKATES UP A STORM

The hockey played by Gordie Howe at 45 has lost little since the majestic, intimidating years in which he won NHL glory—witness the way the Houston Aero warrior has risen to the top of the WHA **by MARK MULVOY**

The question, Clarence Campbell, is this: What does your crusty old National Hockey League think now that one of its 45-year-old pensioners—you remember the name, Gordie Howe—is leading that other league in scoring, no doubt will be that other league's Most Valuable Player, is the father of that other league's probable Rookie of the Year and may give Houston one of its most welcome winners since old Sam himself? Will the NHL owners put an asterisk beside his name in the record books? Will they remove his plaques from the Hall of Fame? Will the Detroit Red Wings take down the Gordie Howe pictures hanging on the walls of the Olympia? Whatever happens, Mr. Campbell, Gordie says the Red Wings should not take down his pictures. "If they do that," he says, "they'll have too many walls to repaint."

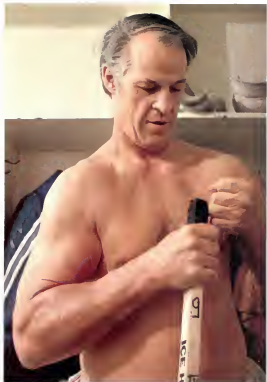
See, Mr. Campbell, even though Gordie is turning 46 in three weeks, even though two of his sons play with him in Houston, even though he has some arthritis in his wrists and probably rubs a little darkener into his silver-streaked hair, he can still play hockey the way it was meant to be played. And don't believe for a minute what Ted Lindsay, Gordie's old linemate in Detroit, said the other day—that the World Hockey Association must be a terrible league if a 45-year-old player coming off two years in retirement can be the leading scorer. "I was 41 when I had my most productive scoring season in the NHL," Gordie says. That year he had 103 points for the Red Wings and finished third in the point race behind Phil Esposito and Bobby Hull. And if the Red Wings had not tried to make him the prince of all paper-clip counters, he probably still would be the best player in Detroit.

This was Gordie Howe last Thursday in Chicago, following a 3-2 Houston victory Tuesday over Vancouver. As always, his stick stayed high—menacingly high—when the puck was not attached

to it. As always, his head never stopped bobbing. And, as always, his eyes, deeply recessed in his scarred face, never stopped blinking. They were working at about 180 blinks a minute as he skated into the face-off circle near the Aeros' goal, whispered something to his son Mark and pointed his stick to a spot along the boards, just across the blue line. The Howes were on the ice to check the power play of the Chicago Cougars, and as Gordie talked and Mark listened, a Chicago leather-lung shouted, "That's it, Daddy, tell little Markie where to go."

Gordie laughed, but Mark didn't, and then the linesman dropped the puck.

Obedient to his father's orders, Mark skated to the spot beyond the blue line, and when he arrived there Gordie had the puck waiting for him. Mark streaked down the ice and rifled a rising shot past Cougar Goaltender Rich Coutu. To prove that goal was no fluke, the Howes repeated their act five minutes later on what was supposed to be another Chicago power play. Gordie blinked. Gordie spoke. Gordie pointed. Mark nodded. Instant replay, except this time



The hair is silver now. But there is strength to spare in the imposing shoulders and arms.

Mark scored on a shot along the ice.

Later, Gordie neatly set up Mark's third goal of the game and 31st of the season and also had one of his own low shots deflected into the net by Houston Center Jimmy Sherris as the powerful Aeros routed the Cougars 9-4. "Gordie's so good that he makes a farce of the game," said Houston Right Wing Frank Hughes, who also scored the hat trick.

As the week ended, Howe, who won six NHL scoring championships in his 25 years with the Red Wings and is the leading goal-and-point-getter of the universe, was No. 1 in the WHA scoring race with 28 goals and 61 assists for 89 points, two ahead of Mike (Shaky) Walton of the Minnesota Fighting Saints. Howe & Sons could also take credit for Houston's emergence as the strongest team in the WHA. Gordie has a lock on the MVP trophy, while 18-year-old Mark, who plays left wing on his father's line, seems headed for the top rookie award. The third Howe, 20-year-old Marty, plays regularly on defense, and while he may not win any trophies, he leads the Howe family in penalty minutes and body checks.

"The secret to it all is that I'm happy on and off the ice for a change," Gordie says. "The game is fun again, compared to the way things were the last several years in Detroit. Playing with my kids makes it fun, of course, and so does the atmosphere in Houston. Look, if I want to get away from hockey now, I can play golf or go fishing after practice. In Detroit the only thing I ever did was shovel snow off my neighbors' driveways."

Back in September, though, there was doubt even among the Howes that Gordie would be able to return to the ice without forfeiting the prestige he had won in the NHL. "If I failed badly," Howe says, "people would remember me more for trying to make a stupid comeback at 45 than for all the other things I did in hockey." Training camp was physical drudgery as Gordie fought to lose 12 pounds. "He used to get red as a beet during practice," Mark says. "We really worried about him." Gordie started the season slowly. "I couldn't remember how to grab the stick," he says, "and I was tripping all over myself." He tripped over teammate Andre Hime's skates in practice one day and suffered a concussion when his head hit the ice.

"Poor Andre thought it was all over," Mark says. "He figured Dad would nev-

er play again and that it was his fault because he had tripped him. Andre was so upset he went out and sat in a bar all one afternoon." Gordie spent one night in a hospital, the doctors releasing him in time to play in Houston's next game.

Some Houston players and team officials suggested to Gordie that he wear a helmet, like his sons. "Helmets are the greatest thing in the world," was Howe's response, "for kids—not me."

Howe believes he reached a physical and mental peak about six weeks ago. "All of a sudden everything began to come easy again," he says. "At the start I had to think about what I was doing, but now I was doing it by instinct, just like the old days." Shortly afterward Howe scored the first "Texas" hat trick—four goals in one game—of his career.

Howe watched his diet closely and moved easily into Houston's leisurely life style. "Gordie's big on cottage cheese, fruit salad, ground round, Jell-O, hot and cold cereals and ice cream," says his blonde wife Colleen.

"You can be sure that I don't neglect the ice cream, and of course nothing tastes better than a few nectars of the gods after a game," says Howe. Or tones him up better than a long, muscle-relaxing swim in the heated pool at his \$225,000 home in the Memorial section of Houston.

Once Howe regained his playing condition he also seemed to regain his old meanness. "Put it this way," says Frank Hughes. "When the rest of us get the puck, there are always a couple of opponents ready to whack us, knock us down and take it away. But when Gordie gets it they clear away. Cripes, he gets 20 or 30 feet of room. He never has to shoot off his backhand; he can always move the puck around to his forehand. The players know he didn't survive for all those years by playing it cute."

Gordie gets irritated at mention of his pugnacious side. Recently Mark joked with a friend, "I knew my dad was an old man, but I didn't know he was a dirty old man." Gordie seethed when Mark's comment appeared in print, and last week he seethed again when he read a magazine caption that identified him as "hockey's mean old man." But as another Houston player says, "That's Gordie, and it always will be Gordie. That is why he is great."

After the victory over the Cougars, the



Go! Gordie pays a call on a Vancouverite.

Aeros bussed to O'Hare Airport and bedded down for four hours. They were up Friday morning at 5:30 to begin the long trek to Edmonton, Alberta, for a game that night with the Oilers. Arriving in Edmonton, Howe put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on his hotel door and told the operator not to ring his room. "It's bad enough trying to play two games in two nights at my age without having to put in a day like today," he said. "It might be a long night." It was, not only for Gordie but for all the Houston players. They were listless, as Coach Bill Dineen had expected, and lost 5-2. Both Marty and Mark received a thump or two and were taken to a hospital for X-rays, but no fractures were found. Gordie waited for word about his sons, then returned to the hotel to see his 80-year-old father.

"The old rascal came over with one of my nieces," Gordie said. "It's about a six- or seven-hour drive from Saskatoon, but I never know they're coming until I see them at the game." Albert Howe looks closer to 70 than 80, and he was sipping a nectar of the gods when his son walked in. Before Gordie could say hello, his father had something to say about the game. "You ol' rascal," he said, "you didn't have the legs going to-night." Gordie's face creased in a grin. "No comment," he said. **END**

NEW BIG E FOR A BIG NEW EYE

Bullet fans love Elvin Hayes these days and, neatly enough, they now can watch him do his thing twice
by PETER CARRY

The game was still in the first period, but the fans 20 rows up in Section 106 of the new, red-white-and-blue-spangled Capital Centre were already fidgety. They were not angry at their Bullets, who were cruising to an early lead, and they were not complaining about the officiating, especially since the refs had just awarded the Bullets two points on a dubious call of goaltending. They were fuming about something that was not happening on the huge scoreboard suspended over center court.

"Hey, I want to see that one again," yelled one of the faithful, keeping his eyes on the board and ignoring the action on the floor. The fan to his left agreed. "It was a gift. Give us another look!"

"Would ya believe it? Those dumb mommas ain't gonna run it again!" concluded the first fan disgustedly and went back to watching the play.

All the while, the Centre's great showpiece—a revolutionary innovation, really—remained as blank as an unpainted canvas. The rest of the big new scoreboard was working just fine, flashing out point totals, the time and the team fouls in multicolored, computerstyle digits. But the 20-foot television screen mounted above the statistical readouts was not doing its thing, and that is what disturbed the fans in Section 106. They wanted, and had expected to be shown, a living-color, close-up, slow-motion, stop-action, instant replay of the alleged goaltending. They didn't get it.

The Bullets' new 19,069-seat home in

Landover, Md., 15 miles from downtown Washington, is the only place in the world where fans can demand a TV replay at a basketball game—or any other kind of game. It doesn't matter that Telseren, as the \$1.25 million system is called, tends to ignore the visiting team and politely refrains from second-guessing the referee. The customers seem to love the idea of having their cake and eating it, too—of seeing a live game and homestyle replays as well.

Since the Bullets changed their first name to Capital and moved into the Centre, they have been averaging nearly 12,000 fans a game, which may prove something about a change of scenery or our fundamental addiction to the big tube. The Bullets are almost exactly the same team that played in Baltimore, where they had a first-rate won-lost record yet were among the NBA's worst draws. This year the multitudes that have come to see them have had some superior viewing. The Bullets have pulled off some dandy replays on the way to a nine-game lead in the Central Division.

Their main problem is that although the same Bullet starters may still be on the payroll, some of them often have been off the payroll. The chief absentees have been Guard Archie (Shake 'n Bake) Clark and Center Wes Unseld, who have missed 51 games between them.

Clark, who began the season with a separated shoulder and lately has been troubled by a swollen right elbow, has been ably replaced by Kevin Porter, the 6', second-year man from St. Francis (Pa.) who has developed into a quick and courageous small guard of the Tiny Archibald-Norm Van Lier-Calvin Murphy school. Porter fearlessly penetrates to the basket, mingling with the biggest men on the floor en route. They often remove this elusive, airborne annoyance from their midst by butting him into the third row of seats, but usually only after Porter has launched one of his double-dip floaters toward the hoop or passed off to a teammate for an open shot. While Clark was missing almost all of February, Porter averaged 18 points and eight assists a game. Unfortunately, he is equally undaunted on defense, where his aggressiveness has resulted in a league-leading 14 disqualifications.

Unseld has been *in absentia* even more than Clark and is much tougher to replace. The very heart of past Bullet

teams, he is limping through this season on a tender left knee. It is likely surgery will be tried after the playoffs—with no guarantee of success. For now, Coach K.C. Jones must continue to juggle Unseld in and out of the lineup. Some games he has started and gone nearly all the way, in others he has appeared in the second half if it was close, in a few he has stepped in during the closing seconds to help execute a specific play; and in many he has not played at all. Though he has never been a prolific scorer, the Bullets sorely miss Unseld on offense. His rebounding and quick, hard outlet passes have long been the keystone of the team's fast break, and his picks are the most massively effective in the league; they are the equivalent of being screened out by a Clydesdale.

It may well be that the Bullets will have to become permanently accustomed to doing all of these things without Unseld. In a mood of confusion and discouragement a few weeks back, he discussed with the *Washington Star-News* the possibility that his career may be cut short. "There are some things—basic things like jumping and moving to my left—that I can't do properly and may not be able to do again," he said. "My wife is the only one who really understands all this. She's trying to prepare me in her own subtle way. She says to me, 'Gee, Wes, what a great career you've had.' Sounds bad, doesn't it?"

For the Bullets, the season might have been much worse were it not for Elvin Hayes, who has done an extraordinary job of filling the void left by Unseld. He has played more minutes (45 per game) than any man in the NBA, his rebounding average of 18.6 is far ahead of anyone else's and, despite a wretched 41.3 shooting percentage, he is clearly having his most brilliant season.

Hayes had some fine years—at least statistically—with the Rockets before joining the Bullets last season. He is the only man whose name is not Russell or Chamberlain who has led the NBA in rebounding for even so much as a single season between 1958 and 1973. And he is one of five players in the league's history ever to win titles in both scoring and rebounding.

Yet during his four years with the Rockets, Hayes was variously considered a ball hog, a rotten apple, a dumbbell and a guaranteed loser. Each season Hayes

Louie Nelson is about to shoot a foul against Detroit as the preceding play reruns on TV.

would try to explain that he was the victim of circumstance—as the lone big-name player on a poor team he was being assessed an unfair portion of the blame. And he would promise to sweeten his often sullen demeanor. By the time he left Houston, the NBA had come to expect an annual “New Big E” to go along with the yearly “New Wh.”

As it turned out, all Hayes needed was a new team. He fit in easily with the Bullets, played excellently last season and has been even better this year, particularly in those areas only other players are likely to notice. Forward Mike Riordan points to Hayes’ improvement at picking and passing, additions to his game that have helped replace Unseld’s considerable expertise. Hayes also has been a human Electrolux under both backboards. In 27 games this season he has ended up with more rebounds than points, a remarkable feat for a player who regularly scores more than 20.

Along with all that, Hayes’ on-court personality has improved, too, a change he credits to his conversion to fundamentalist Christianity. He was mowing the lawn at his Houston house one day last summer when, he says, “I received a prophecy. The voice of God reached me and led me to the Church of Holiness.”

The genuinely “New Big E” will need all the inspiration he can get in the play-offs if the Bullets hope to defeat New York, their likely first-round opponent. Against the Knicks at the Centre last Friday, Capital won half the game—the first and third periods—but obviously felt Unseld’s absence in losing the other two quarters and the game 112-103. Often firing from behind Hayes’ picks, Guard Phil Chenier gave the Bullets 20 points in the opening period. And for once Porter’s defense fouled up opponents, not himself, as Capital broke to its early lead. He stole the ball and drew an offensive personal from Earl Monroe and harassed The Pearl and Walt Frazier into traveling violations.

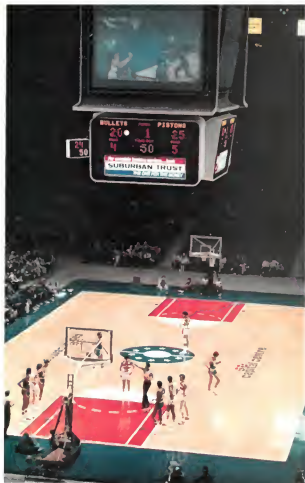
That Porter also pulled in one of his team’s total of two offensive rebounds in the period was an indication of things to come. With Jerry Lucas’ long bombs drawing Hayes outside to guard him, the Bullets were outbounded 18-4 in the second quarter. New York fast-broke

at will and led by nine at the half.

Hayes dominated the rebounding in the third quarter—he had 11 overall in the second half—and the Bullets briefly regained the lead. But in the fourth period Dave DeBusschere hit for 10 points, first victimizing Unseld’s two subs, rookies Nick Weatherpoon and Tom Kozelko, and then Hayes, who stayed too close to the basket to stop DeBusschere’s out-

side shots. The Knicks surged to the win.

If Unseld is unable to play effectively, the dilemma of guarding New York outside while trying to rebound inside could be one that will stymie the Bullets over and over again in the playoffs. And the result is apt to be an unpretty picture that not even the most avid Telscreen watchers are going to want to be instantly replayed very many times. **END**



AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

He looked like a high school kid among the renowned Superstars, but Kyle Rote Jr., his Bible at the ready, beat them all **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Somewhere off the southern coast of Mindanao there may be a cross-handed albino dwarf with pinky who can shoot peas, fillet a fish, dance a bolero or fool the seat-belt buzzer better than Kyle Rote Jr. But surely there is nobody anywhere who can do *all* these things better, practically at the same time, during two days of cold, wind, commercial interruptions and financial pressures. And there is nobody in this wide world who can pray better, either.

At least there were not many contestants able to mount a serious challenge to Rote in Rotonda, Fla. the other day

when land developers, oil-filter representatives, one TV network and at least 87 PR guys combined to stage their second "Superstars" competition.

Rote soundly defeated the famous expectant father, toothpaste shill and defending champion, Bob Seagren; the balding, blithesome bard of the bicycle, Dick (No Spokes) Anderson; the one black golfer certain never to be invited to the Masters, Franco ("Get me out of here") Harris; and a fine sportsman, gentleman announcer and prince of a bowler, the Already Legendary Orange Juice Simpson, to win more than \$50,000 in

prize money, or approximately 35 times what Rote made last year while playing soccer for the Dallas Tornado.

During his week of destiny Rote kept saying how terrific it was to be in "the presence of greatness" and that he understood from all the guys how "being nice was part of getting to the top." And he said, "This is just preliminary stuff to doing the work of God." He was not an unexpected winner (in his seven events he took first places in tennis, swimming and bowling; seconds in golf and bicycling; second to last in the half-mile run and last in baseball hitting) but it was fun to watch someone of relative anonymity, inexperienced in competing for vast sums of money, come in and knock off the \$30-trillion-a-year boys. As Austrian skier Karl Schranz said after being asked what he knew about his fellow Superstars: "I know all these guys except

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DENSON





The boyish Rote led the way in bowling.

Rurrott Juneeor, suppo-zed soccer fel-low. Who oes zis Rurrott Juneeor?"

Well, Kyle Rote Jr. is a 23-year-old theology student who is slight of build, fair of complexion, soft of voice and hard as nails. He is also kind, brave, humble, reverent and everything else the Good Book says a man ought and ought not to be—except maybe avaricious. He is



about to ask his boss, Lamar Hunt, for a salary that he can eat lunch on. But that's O.K., too. Rote says he will give a lot of his winnings to charity.

Kyle Rote Jr. also has orange sneakers, a cute wife named Mary Lynne, a father who played a little football for SMU and the Giants and a nice sense of humor that bore up well when the real superstars called him Super Baby and kidded him about religion. He was the antithesis of the big names from baseball, football, basketball, tennis, track, skiing and speed skating. Stan Smith, recent winner of a World Championship Tennis event, arrived in a long rabbit-fur coat from Terremolinos, Spain. The Already Legendary O. J. Simpson came from the set of a movie in which he is appearing with Richard Burton. Speed skater Ard Schenk, from Holland, exposed flowing blond locks, a bronze Thor of a body and looks that, if he were a singer or a quarterback, would oblige him to hire the National Guard to keep the groupies away.

Rote meanwhile arrived from St. Michael's and All Angels Episcopal Church



Cycling was a disaster for Dick Anderson.

in Dallas with his Bible. "What's a Bible?" said shotputter Brian Oldfield.

Rote didn't smoke, swear, drink much, chew or avoid autographs. Not only did he sign his name, he inscribed a biblical verse for little Donald Reninger. "Praise the Lord, what a beautiful person," said Donald's mother.

This happened midway through the second day of the two-day competition, after Rote had piled up such a lead that ABC must have considered sending in Robert Stack from *The American Sportsman* to blast Rote with a rifle lest the viewers at home get bored. But nobody

continued



O. J. Simpson peers about apprehensively as he lifts a weight over his head, and Pete Rose seems slightly uncertain as he prepares to

sneak a tennis ball. But Holland's Ard Schenk, whose proper sport is speed skating, looks completely at home holding a baseball bat.

is bored with Superstars. A year ago excitement was rampant when Jim Stefani, running backward, tried to beat John Unitas in the half mile and when Joe Frazier came out smokin' for the swimming race and nearly drowned.

This year the sponsors—take note, Billie Jean—invited 48 men (including, one press release said, "Football Great, Bobby Bonds") to four preliminary competitions to find 12 who would meet in the finals for the "Coveted Title of 1974 Superstar." Technically, it was competition in 10 events: sprinting, running, swimming, tennis, golf, bowling, cycling, weight lifting, baseball hitting and negotiating an obstacle course. The athletes competed in any seven of the 10 events, except their own specialties.

That's what it was, technically. Actually, Superstars was Pete Rose saying, "Where else could a humble singles-hitting MVP dream of meeting a six-time Rodeo King?" It was six-time Rodeo King Larry Mahan falling backward into a water pit on the obstacle course. It was Motorcycle King Gene Romero scoring exactly zero points in his seven events (the only man in history to do so) and earning the name "Broken Legs." It was Tug McGraw watching from the stands as Reggie Jackson puffed his way to last place in the bicycle race and screeching, "Hey, Reggie, throw me a pay-puh." Bill Toomey, the finest athlete in the world in the 1960s, made a crusade out of preparing for Superstars and lost. Bob Seagren, whose wife Kam wears her name in rhinestones on her shirt, has made a career out of it and won. No golfers—tremendous athletes that they are—dare show up.

The idea has gone over so well that Superstars competitions are being planned in Europe. A Celebrity Superstars might be held at Rotonda this fall. Women and father-and-son competitions are in the works. Last week's Superstars was covered by everybody from the BBC to the Lemon Bay Junior High *Manta News*; from *New Kronen Zeitung* of Austria to the Red Clay Video, a traveling band of crazies from Virginia in a ramshackle trailer. Asked what angle they were covering, a spokesman for Red Clay Video said, "Angle? Man, we're just always ready to boogie."

On the dope sheets the smart money was on either Rote or Seagren, with the Dolphins' Anderson the dark horse and the Already Legendary O.J. Simpson up

there for sure on charisma alone. But the hits of the show were Schenk and Rose. Nobody in Florida had known what the Dutchman looked like, and when the women discovered him it was too late: his wife was along. That did not deter one bold lass who came up to Schenk and stood gaping and gasping for air. "I just want to stay and look," she said.

Rose was bustling around. When it was suggested that the only way he could beat Schranz in tennis would be to provoke the Austrian by asking him for his papers, Rose said, "I'll whip him and his translator, too." And he did, despite diving face-first on the court and cracking his Mackey Mouse watch. Rose almost upset Jim McMillian, the basketball player, too, but lost when he became confused in the sudden-death tie breaker. "Damn umpire should have showed me where to stand," he said.

Rose also was bothered by the baseball competition, from which he was barred. "They make a force of my game," he said. "Don't they know those 'home runs' are out? When I saw Smith give it the girly half-swing and pound it out of the park, I gave up." Stan the Man won the event, topspin-lobbing home runs far and wide.

In golf, Franco Harris nailed a spectator 10 yards away with his dribbling drive from the first tee, but the spectator survived and Harris scrambled for a bogey. On the second hole, Harris bounced four balls into the water, knocked seven more out of bounds, hit a house and finished with a 24. Since scoring was limited to a maximum of 12 strokes a hole, Harris edged Brian Oldfield 68 to 74—for nine holes. "A Pyrrhic victory," said Oldfield. Anderson won with a 40, which under the circumstances and over Harris' spike marks on the greens may have been one of mankind's finest rounds.

Chances for the Coveted Title ended for the A.L.O.J. in the very first tennis event when Rote began lobbing into the wind and came from way behind to win 6-4. They began to end for Seagren when he messed up his turn on the last lap of the 100-meter swim. Rote beat him by a stroke. They diminished for everybody when Rote made six strikes and bowled 214 at Cyro's Venetian Moon, a nifty establishment that had a sign saying NO TOPLESS ALLOWED. Even though Rote finished last in baseball (he popped up in his final appearance as a Superstar), the points he already had were enough to

withstand Seagren's first in the obstacle course. Rote beat Seagren by six points and Anderson by seven.

For all the righteous satisfaction of Rote's triumph it was the earlier bicycle race that provided the purest drama. Would Rote pick up enough points in bicycling to offset Seagren's certain points in the obstacle course? Would Anderson score enough to pass them both? Would Jim McMillian kill himself?

The answers came just before the half-way mark in the race, with McMillian failing in an exceptionally fine shot at suicide. Rote and Schenk were running one-two when McMillian tried to move up by cutting around Anderson. Their bikes touched, and the wing nut on McMillian's front axle neatly sheared spokes off Anderson's rear wheel. McMillian's bike went down and he left quanties of skin on the surface of the track. Anderson's bike limped along for a while before he dismounted in disgust and threw it away. "I bet Kyle Rote Jr. wouldn't throw his bicycle away," a spectator said.

What happened then was Superstars at its contrived, cockeyed and lunatic best. McMillian was rushed to an "emergency car." Howard Cosell, reliving his role in *Bonanza*, ran toward McMillian, crying, "Hey, Jimmy, wait a minute, I've got to do an interview."

"Boo," roared the crowd. "They're only abrasions. I'm the nurse," said a woman nearby.

"I'm filing a protest," said Anderson. While McMillian's wounds were being patched up, Meet Director Barry Frank slipped away to ponder the protest. Cosell stood around signing autographs and muttering about the plane he had to catch. Schenk and Rote kept pedaling around the track. Seagren went to look for the nearest mirror. The Already Legendary O.J. Simpson rushed onto the scene saying now he might be able to beat out Anderson. The Gentlemen of the Press were saying McMillian's coach was on the phone threatening a lawsuit.

Frank emerged from his hiding place. "It was ungracious interference by McMillian," he said. "Anderson is awarded fourth place."

"That's racing luck for you," A.L. Simpson said.

"Hold my cigar, O.J.," Cosell said. Everybody thought, man, Howard Cosell is gettin' ready to boogie. Where was Red Clay Video when we needed them?

END

"Scotch on the..."

...er...

CHIVAS on the rocks."

Marvin J. Miller, the dapper, teeny executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, hereinafter referred to as the Players Association, flew to Miami Beach and the Fontainebleau Hotel last week. Miller didn't go to Miami to play a little gin in a *cubano* but to start his annual tour of the spring-training camps, hear out the players' wants and evaluate the results of the novel player-owner salary arbitration sessions concluded the week before.

Baseball's arbitration plan is the brainchild of Miller, who was known as a creative thinker when he was assistant to the president of the United Steelworkers of America. According to a procedure arrived at late last year, a player and owner who are unable to reach a salary agreement can go to arbitration. The player submits his figure, the club its, and one of 14 arbitrators jointly selected by the Players Association and the owners listens to their arguments. The arbitrator can also consult a confidential list of all major league salaries to help him determine how much money a second baseman, say, with a .260 batting average after five years in the majors, should be making. The arbitrator cannot compromise on the salary. He must either accept the player's figure or the club's.

Fifty-four major-leaguers took their salary disputes to binding arbitration. In 25 cases the differences between the players' and owners' figures were so close that they were able to settle. In the remaining 29 cases, the arbitrator found in favor of the club 16 times. This edge is misleading, however, for apparently in only one instance did a team submit a figure lower than the one it had offered in pre-arbitration negotiation. As a rule, a player's recourse to arbitration led to the team making a higher offer than it had previously felt necessary and, as a result, salaries may increase by 14% this season, compared with an average rise of 10.9% for the past five years.

Arbitration will cost A's Owner Charles O. Finley alone at least \$87,000. Nine Oakland players opted for arbitration, five of them getting what they wanted, Reggie Jackson leading the way with a \$60,000 raise. In the National League, Darrell Evans of the Atlanta Braves was a big winner. Last season Evans hit .281, had 41 homers and drove in 104 runs. The Braves said he still had to prove him-

self. Evans did just that with the arbitrator. "We are not supposed to say how much we got," Evans said, "but on a percentage basis I'd say I got about a 75% raise. I think that is a fair decision."

"The box score of the cases in arbitration is only the tip of the iceberg," says Miller. "The most significant thing is that the owners and general managers are making a far more realistic appraisal of salaries. Arbitration is replacing a system in which the owners always determined what a player's salary was. A player either accepted an unfair offer or he learned a new way to make a living. When you replace that, you can't go wrong."

As far as the players are concerned, Miller can do little wrong. Rolfe Fingers of the A's, who was awarded his figure of \$65,000, says: "Marvin is worth his weight in gold." The fact that Miller only stands 5'8" and weighs 150 pounds does not diminish the compliment.

Team officials and hidebound reporters do not value Miller so highly. According to *Atlanta Journal* columnist Furman Bisher, Miller is a "manipulator" who is as "smooth-as-grease" and has "spewed out" and "mouthed" what Brother calls "typical labor rhetoric." Last year Bisher wrote that when Miller took charge of the Players Association in 1966 "he came in with the submissiveness of an Oriental," but now "to establish his own power image, he is willing to destroy an American tradition." In short, "the tactics he employs are so brazenly steelworkers, coal-miner, auto-worker labor union as to be embarrassing to an athlete of pride. His bearing, his approach, his terminology belong on a soapbox around the corner from a strack factory. Miller's effect on the game has caused an alarming spiritual erosion."

Several years ago, when Miller requested that the Players Association be polled on an exhibition the Mets were to play at West Point, on the grounds that

there were contractual limitations on the number of exhibition games, Braves Vice-President Paul Richards fulminated, "Either Miller or baseball has to go, and right now I'm afraid baseball will go first." (Richards' prediction was off base; he went.) Last spring, when Miller was speaking to an assembly of Texas Rangers and Houston Astros in the outfield of a ball park in Pompano Beach, Fla., a meeting stipulated by an agreement with the owners, Astro Manager Leo Durocher ordered his players to leave and then had fungoes hit in Miller's direction. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* once editorialized that Miller "would do the game of baseball a great favor if he disappeared, got lost or found the nearest hole and jumped into it."

Miller himself has rarely been at a loss for strong words. He has called Commissioner Bowie Kuhn "a rank amateur," accused *The Sporting News* of "overwhelming bias" in favor of the owners and termed Durocher "a freeloader riding on the backs of his fellow managers and players." Durocher, Miller is fond of noting, is the single biggest recipient of the pension plan, receiving almost \$2,000 a month. Milwaukee Judge Robert Cannon, who was Miller's predecessor in the Players Association, also has attracted Miller's fire as a tool of the owners. Cannon drew up the executive director's contract for Miller, who was startled to find that he could be fired should he be accused of moral turpitude. Judge Cannon said, "You can always prove you're innocent." "Prove I'm innocent?" Miller expostulated. "Judge, have you ever heard of the Constitution of the United States?" The clause was stricken.

For all the controversy that swirls around him like the wind in Candlestick Park, Miller regards himself as a mild man. "If I were to engage in self-criticism," he says, "I would say there are times when I don't get angry enough fast

THIS MILLER ADMITS HE'S A GRIND

Championing the causes of big-league ballplayers and little old ladies leaves Marvin Miller no time to sit down at the piano by ROBERT H. BOYLE

enough. I have perhaps an exaggerated self-restraint."

By birth, background, education, experience and drive, Miller brings a finely honed mind to the fray. A voracious reader, he devours such journals as the *Monthly Labor Review* while some of his adversaries in front offices are assumed to be thinking deeply if they cast a somnolent eye over Class A earned run averages. This is not to exalt Miller or to denigrate owners but the fact is that he is disciplined, informed and organized while his opponents have often been slip-

shod. To a disinterested observer, Miller comes on like a David with an ICBM in his shog while the owners stumble around like so many befuddled Goliaths.

Miller is consumed by his job and runs the fact he does not have a hobby. "This is of concern to me as I get older," says the 56-year-old Miller. "I love to play tennis, but I'm only too well aware that this is not a retirement activity. I play the piano, not well and not frequently, but I like to go back to it. More often than not, I'll play popular songs, Jerome Kern, Gershwin. I played a couple of

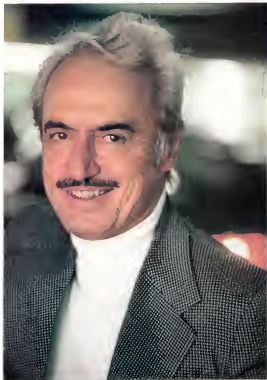
weeks ago, and my fingers felt as if I had been typing for hours."

Miller was born in the Bronx, but his family moved to Brooklyn when he was a year old. His father was a women's coat salesman, and his mother, who now lives with Miller's younger sister in Florida, was an elementary school teacher. As a youngster, Miller haunted the bleachers in Ebbets Field to root for Brooklyn. To his amusement, shortly after he became executive director of the Players Association he was sharply asked by Garry Schumacher, the publicity man for the Giants, to name some oldtime Brooklyn players. Miller began with the battery of Dizzy Vance and Hank DeBerry, went on to cite Babe Herman, who hit .393 in 1930 only to lose the batting title to Bill Terry of the Giants who hit .401, then Lefty Clark, Glenn Wright ("the best shortstop Brooklyn had in years"), Del Bissnette ("he had a golfer's swing") and Rube Bressler ("the only player who would consistently throw balls to the kids in the bleachers"). Defeated, Schumacher interrupted the recital with shouts of "All right! All right!"

When he wasn't in the bleachers, Miller was reading obsessively. He ran through the Frank Merriwell and Tarzan series and was enormously taken with *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. He was enrolled in school at 5½, and graduated from James Madison High at 15, having skipped three grades. He would have skipped more, but "it would have been ridiculous." Upon graduation, Miller discovered that he "was not old enough to be serious about college, yet I felt old enough to go to work." He clerked in stores, and to hedge his bets began taking night courses at Brooklyn College. At 18 he enrolled at Miami University in Ohio because he had found from researching college catalogues that its school of education had an excellent reputation, and he was thinking of going into teaching. Moreover, it was a land-grant school with low tuition for an out-of-stater. Miller spent two years at Miami before transferring to NYU where he majored in economics and received a B.S. in 1938.

After NYU, he had a series of minor jobs, including one as a runner on Wall Street, until he passed a Federal Civil Service exam and moved in late 1939 to Washington as a clerk in the Treasury

continued



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Department at an annual salary of \$1,440. Emboldened by his success, he married Theresa Morgenstern, whom he had met when she got him a blind date. Mrs. Miller, known as Terry, is a clinical psychologist and teaches at Kingsborough (N.Y.) Community College. The Millers have two children, Peter, who is finishing his doctorate in sociology at Berkeley, and Susan, who works at a home for disturbed children in Wisconsin. When they were married, the Millers agreed that whoever did the cooking would not have to wash the dishes. Miller did most of the cooking at first, recently returning to the stove when the family boycotted meat. "He made a very good spaghetti-and-clam dish," Mrs. Miller says, "and he's very good with scrambled eggs."

Evaluating her husband, she says, "He's a perfectionist. He believes in a perfect world and perfect people, and he's striving to make them live up to his expectations. He believes in justice. He's a good husband for a feminist wife. He's not a sexist." Four years ago, when the landlord of the Millers' Manhattan apartment house decided to make the building co-op, a move that Miller denounced as a "rip-off," the Millers joined the subsequent battle, and though it would have been easy for them to move to another apartment, they have stayed to fight it out. "We can't leave because of Marvin's commitment," Mrs. Miller says. "He's a very moral man. He has a commitment to the other people in the building. It's like the captain staying with the ship. Marvin is absolutely adored by the little old ladies in this building. Many of them are widows with fixed incomes who were panicked by the landlord's move to make them buy or leave. They just adore Marvin. It's very old-fashioned, I suppose. It's idealism. We never get gas on odd days when we're even."

In 1940 the Millers had moved back to New York, where he was one of 2,500 successful applicants (out of 18,000) for jobs as municipal social investigators. "In some ways, this was the greatest education I ever had," Miller says. "As a youngster from a middle-class family, you really couldn't get a picture of what unemployment means in a depression. I mean men disintegrating, families falling apart. It wasn't just the want, it was what it did to people. Where the wage earner is no longer the wage earner, poppa isn't

poppa anymore. The father retreats into himself, blames himself, thinks he has done something wrong. There was a pervading atmosphere of 'I have failed.' No modern civilization ought to tolerate a situation where people who want to work or ought to work can't work."

Miller spent World War II mainly in Philadelphia with the National War Labor Board. "The AFL and the CIO had a no-strike pledge, but there had to be machinery for resolving disputes," he says. "First I was an economist in the wages division, then I was a hearing officer in the disputes division." When the war ended, he shifted to the Conciliation Service in the Department of Labor, where he trained mediators. The chief lesson he taught was that "the most important thing to know is as much or more about the issues than the parties themselves." Afterwards he worked briefly in New York for the machinists union and the Federal Housing Expediter; in 1950 he accepted the post of associate director of research for the United Steelworkers in Pittsburgh. Hired by Philip Murray, then union president, Miller was elevated in 1960 to assistant to President Dave McDonald. "It was a team around McDonald, with Arthur Goldberg, the legal counsel, as majordomo," Miller says. As a brain trust with the Steelworkers, Miller was singled out for praise by *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal*. He was also named to presidential commissions by Kennedy and Johnson.

With the union, Miller helped devise the Human Relations Committee in Basic Steel, whose function was to settle problems before contracts expired. He was primarily responsible for the heretofore plan with Kaiser Steel, under which a self-adjusting agreement permitted workers to receive equitable benefits without the threat of strike.

When McDonald lost the Steelworkers election to I W Abel in 1965, there were demands within the union from some of Abel's political allies that Miller should be replaced. "In the 1965 steel negotiations, Abel's political supporters were conspicuous by their absence," Miller says with satisfaction. "This business of Abel's attitude has been exaggerated. When I spoke to Abe about the offer from the baseball players, he said, 'Look, if you want to go, I wish you well, but I wish you wouldn't.'"

The Players Association got onto Miller after Robin Roberts of the Phillies asked the late Professor George Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania to recommend "a strong man of established character." Professor Taylor suggested Miller, who became one of six candidates the association submitted for approval to then Commissioner William Eckert. After checking, Eckert announced they were all fine men. Although Miller was offered the job, he still had to win a vote of approval from the players, and as he toured the spring-training camps in 1966 he found himself under attack. National League President Warren Giles told the players that Miller, whom he had not met, wasn't the best man for the job. Angel First Baseman Joe Adcock also denounced him. Abel was so outraged that he advised Miller to stay with the Steelworkers and tell baseball to "shove it," Miller recalls. "The pre-publicity was that I was a labor boss, a dese, dems and dose guy with gangsters in the back-ground. I was a 6' 8" goon with a big black cigar who was about to take over baseball." The contrast between the description and Miller turned out to be quite an asset in winning the approval of the players.

Upon taking over as executive director, Miller discovered that although the Players Association had been founded in 1954 it existed principally on paper. "The task initially was to make it an effective operating organization in the interest of the players," he says. "I am neither the smartest, most skilled nor ablest person alive, but if I were it would cut no ice if I had no support from the players. The owners would pay no attention unless they were convinced there was a unified group. I had to have everyone understand what was involved. Number one, no matter what you called the Major League Players Association, it was a labor organization under the law. Under the Taft-Hartley Act, any organization that exists wholly or in part for improving salaries, hours, pensions, working conditions is a labor organization. That's a fact. You have certain obligations, responsibilities and rights. Under obligations, you must report to the government on finances, elections, constitution and bylaws, something Judge Cannon was unaware of. This we rectified immediately. But it had a larger meaning. It became essential to put the relationship

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MILLER

between the Players Association and the owners on a proper basis, a contractual basis. The terms and conditions were to be negotiated through collective bargaining and the results formalized through a contractual arrangement. There had been informal agreements, but these were never formalized and were too often honored in the breach. One startling thing was that if you looked back over the minutes, you found discussion of trivial things—whether there was a water fountain in the bullpen—and the second was that if you went through the minutes year by year, you found the water fountain being taken up as if it had never been discussed before. Even the pension plan was not a contractual agreement."

Miller's suspicions of owners and what they are likely to do to their employees has stood him in good stead—and, on occasion, in good humor. With relish, he tells of the time Buzzie Bavasi, then general manager of the Dodgers, went to Walter O'Malley for a raise. O'Malley said the club had lost \$2 million the previous year. Bavasi was reluctant to press his case until he discovered what O'Malley meant by losing \$2 million: the Dodgers had made \$3 million the previous year and \$5 million the year before that.

Under Miller, the players have fared extremely well. Pensions have more than tripled, and other benefits have grown, some gained as a result of a 13-day strike in 1972 that alienated fans who couldn't care less who was right or wrong. "It was forced on the players by the owners' miscalculations," Miller says. "The players demonstrated their unity, and I would hope that kind of a demonstration would not be required again." The present Basic Agreement, a paperback booklet of 44 pages, runs through 1975, and looking toward its expiration, Miller says, "I think it's fair to say the players are still concerned about the overly restrictive reserve system. They are also concerned with the overlong season, in terms of the good of baseball, the quality of play as shown to the fans and the impact on their own careers."

Nonetheless, according to Miller, binding salary arbitration best exemplifies the progress of the Players Association. "The most important thing is the dignified status the players now have with the clubs," he says. "The essential dignity of equals sitting down together just can't be overemphasized."

END

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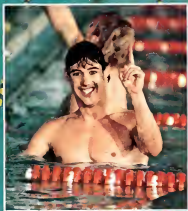
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Pounding along in the sweet upper air, the runner has all the best of it; a few vigorous shakes of the thigh muscles, a deep breath and he's away. The obvious tortures of running very fast are offset by the fact that prancing across the top of the earth is pretty much man's natural state. The truer triumphant pain comes from throwing one's body, goose pimples and all, into a pool and churning out lap after endless lap, swallowing damp chlorinated air, only dimly conscious of the view, which is the tiled bottom somewhere below. Competitive swimmers are among the first to confirm all this—in fact, they proudly insist upon it—and at meets everywhere in the world they bob up at finish lines wearing looks of exhilaration laid on like a frosting over weariness. These raptures-in-exhaustion are reflected at right and on the pages that follow in Heinz Klutmeier's collection of season's highs—and its soaking-wet lows.

THE AGONY AND DRIP-DRY ECSTASY











FRE



On the eve of the world swimming championships in Yugoslavia last summer, U.S. Coach Gus Stager accompanied some of his athletes on a hydrofoil ride down the Danube. With the craft skimming along at 50 mph, it suddenly occurred to Stager that in their workouts his swimmers had been proceeding at a somewhat slower pace. A frown appeared. "I can't believe how little these kids are working," he complained as the Danube's steep, mist-shrouded banks whizzed by. "Some of them are pretty lazy."

Granted, the coach who accuses his charges of working too hard is rare in any sport, but in swimming even a tyrant might be a softie compared to his peers. Stager and his fellow swim coaches expect and demand hard work because theirs is among the most grueling of endurance sports. Swimmers talk of sprints, but the term is plainly a misnomer. In the 100-meter freestyle, briefest of the watery Olympic events, the world record 51.22 that Mark Spitz swam in the 1972 Games took five times longer than Valery Borzov needed to cover the same distance on the track.

The physical demands of competitive swimming make unavoidable the sport's infamous icy predawn workouts, each lap punctuated by the barking of first-sergeant coaches. In fact most of the predominantly teen-aged athletes that Stager accused of loafing in Yugoslavia have followed the same grim regimen for half their lives: for three or more hours daily, through 11 months of the year, they swim. And swim.

Ask swimmers why they bother and they tend to reply with something like wet black humor. Don Schollander, a Yale man who could pull off such terms, tossed around the word *masochistic*; a lot. Debbie Meyer found perverse pleasure in calling herself and other swimmers mechanical robots. Australian Coach Terry Gathercole calls training laps, simply enough, the "mileage mangle." When Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren took swimming lessons for last week's Superstars competition, he got a painful idea of what Schollander and the others were talking about. Complaining that "these lessons are killing me," Seagren concluded, reluctantly, that swimmers are the world's fittest athletes.

Because the very young are more likely to submit to such rigors, the sport abounds in water sprites like Jenny Turrell, a 5' 2" Australian freestyler who is all of 13 yet holds world records at 800 and 1,500 meters. The fact that competitors are so young also accounts for swimming's answer to stage parents: pushy moms and dads who are forever second-guessing and otherwise clashing with the sport's equally aggressive coaches and officials. In a new book evocatively titled *The 50-Meter Juggle*, Sherm Chavoor, one of the most successful U.S. coaches, claims that swimming is the focus of "more scratching and clawing, more struggling for power, and more parasitism than almost anywhere else in the world of sports."

Happily, the swimmers themselves seldom notice the nastiness. At the pool, during their rare moments out of the water, they are too busy sunbathing on the deck, flirting with one another or snipping towels. When practice ends,

The moral: masochists are all wet

they put on T-shirts insprinted with WHAT'S UP DOC? (the reference is to Indiana's Coach Doc Counsilman), or BY GEORGE (meaning George Haines, the longtime Santa Clara coach who will switch to UCLA next season) and climb into the family station wagon. At home that evening the last embers are still glowing in backyard barbecues when they head for their bedrooms, which are decorated with that inevitable Mark Spitz poster. Too exhausted to even look at the copies of *Swimming World* piled high on the nightstand, they fall immediately to sleep. They dream, of course, of the bottom of the pool.

But certain threats confront this painfully peaceful existence. Australia, copying the successful American age-group program, keeps turning up fresh young talent like Turrell and 15-year-old Steve Holland, the world's top distance man. Canada, the 1976 Olympic host, has launched a government campaign to make swimming one of the country's showcase sports. And the toughest challenge of all comes from East Germany, which will take on the U.S. in a dual meet in late August.

The East Germans boast 23-year-old Roland Matthes, unbeaten in the backstroke for an extraordinary seven years, and an armada of fleet, powerful girls. Success is so ephemeral in swimming that there currently is only one world record more than two years old, but the showing by GDR women at last year's world championships still came as a shock. Of 15 world records set in Belgrade, seven fell to the East German *Mädchen*. Besides confirming Gus Stager's worst fears, the GDR's humiliation of the American women pointed up a dangerous trend: while U.S. swimming has always been a story of brief lives, with mass retirements following every Olympics, the dropout rate has been especially high among the girls.

The problem is that too few of the incentives that keep the men going—such tangibles as college scholarships—have been available to the women. It is encouraging, then, that women are finally getting their own teams on many U.S. campuses and that some are even performing on men's teams. To be sure, coed competition was not altogether happy for one such pioneer, University of Virginia backstroker Ellen Feldmann, who complained that teammates cheered against her in meets, adding, "All I have to do is put it out and the boys give up." After her comments were quoted, Ellen quit in embarrassment. Obviously not all the scratching and clawing can be blamed on parents and coaches.

—JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

STRONG, SILENT, ENDURING

But is Walter Alston a superior manager? Is he a seer or merely at sea? As the Dodger perennial begins his 21st season, opinion among his past and present players is sharply divided **by PAT JORDAN**

Walter Emerson Alston is a strong man of slow movements and long silences. At 62 his body is still thick and muscular, and although he moves a little stiffly, it is the stiffness of controlled strength, not old age and lost dignity. His handsome face is tanned, creased and robust-looking. He has direct, almost unblinking, blue eyes and a smile that is quick, broad, affable and disarming. His

hair is the color of silver. Looking at Walter Alston one thinks immediately of Ike or an older Charles Atlas, or Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. One is tempted to say, "He is the strong, silent type," implying with that phrase a host of virtues—patience, understanding, courage, wisdom, honesty—that have nothing at all in common with physical strength and reticence. These are not virtues but characteristics.

Unquestionably Alston has aged well. He possesses a certain dignity of appearance he did not have 20 years ago. His blue eyes were not so direct as they were vacant, and his smile was not so affable as it was uncomprehending when, in the fall of '53, he was chosen to succeed Charlie Dressen as the manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Dressen was a fiery, loquacious, at times brilliant little man



who began most of his sentences with "I" and ended them with "me." He had managed the Dodgers to a second-place finish in the National League in 1951, and to pennants in '52 and '53. Dressen fielded some of the most talented players in baseball—Roy Campanella, Joe Black, Preacher Roe, Carl Erskine, Don Newcombe, Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese, Billy Cox, Carl Furillo and Duke Snider—yet they did not win a World Series. The blame was Dressen's, according to the fans, the press and the front of-

fice. He had a tendency to overmanage a team of players so talented they did not need managing, it was believed. Furthermore, the Dodgers of those years were a varied and complex group of men whose sensibilities were chafed by their manager's habit of telling them how to play a game they felt they had already mastered. They would prefer as manager a man who would put each game in motion by handing in a lineup card at home plate and then sit back in the dugout with a benign grin—an interested but no long-

er involved observer. For the Dodgers of the '50s that manager was best who managed least. Once they found such a man the team would rise by the power of its natural and collective talents to the top of the baseball world. The Dodger front office could find no one better suited to the team's needs than Walter Alston; he was hired to replace Dressen. A New York sportswriter wrote at the time, "The Dodgers do not need a manager and that is why they got Alston."

Alston had been a minor *continued*

A SAMPLING OF ALSTON'S DODGER STARS INCLUDES PICTURES OF LEGEND AND TRANSPLANTS WHO FAILED TO TAKE ROOT IN L.A.



league manager of some distinction and an ex-major league player of no distinction. In his only major league at bat he had struck out. However, he had been a manager for 13 years, and during his previous six seasons he had won three Triple A pennants. In his first year with the Dodgers, Alston led his team (or misled it, according to the press, fans and players alike) to a second-place finish. There were rumblings of discontent from every corner of Brooklyn. Sportswriters found him uncommunicative (when asked by one to summarize the Dodgers' early spring training showing, Alston said, "We lost the first three and won the next seven"); the fans found him colorless after Dreesen's entertaining, if sometimes maddening, flamboyance, and the players felt "he didn't know the game as well as he might have," according to Jim Gilliam, then an infielder and today a coach under Alston. Alston had difficulties with Don Newcombe and Jackie Robinson, and, in general, "there was an awful lot of bitterness between Walt and those old Dodgers," according to Maury Wills.

The following year, however, the gamble was rewarded with the team's first World Series championship. Alston was hailed as the silent architect of that masterpiece, and with it came the grudging respect of his players. Robinson said, "He let me know he was going to do the bosing whether I liked it or not. It made him gain stature in my eyes."

During the 18 years since, Alston has gained stature in the eyes of many others, and he has done it seemingly without effort. "Walt hasn't changed a bit since I first knew him in '48," says Danny Ozark, once a coach under Alston and now the manager of the Phillies. "He's the same man he always was." If Alston hasn't changed over the years, what certainly has changed is the public's conception of him. They now see his slow movements and long silences as concealing shades of meaning never noticed before. In the '50s, Alston's Brooklyn players construed them differently. A Dodger of those years says, "Alston often admitted to us that he didn't know what to do in certain situations, so he would just leave the players on their own. He let them hit-and-run or steal whenever they wanted to. The only time he flashed a sign was when the situation was obvious, say, when a pitcher had to bunt a

runner over. After a while some of the players made fun of him. He would stand at one end of the dugout, one foot on the top step, and do nothing for the entire game but toss little pebbles onto the field. He wouldn't say anything or do anything for nine innings—except toss pebbles. They used to call him 'The Pebble Thrower.'"

Today, many of Alston's Los Angeles players interpret his silences as a sign of wisdom in allowing his veterans to play their own game.

"A veteran player doesn't want a manager who is always giving him pep talks," says Pitcher Al Downing. "You rebel against a manager trying to psych you up. It's an insult to your intelligence. It's as if he's trying to hustle you into performing better than you are. You are what you are. Alston respects that. He leaves you alone. He doesn't say much to his players."

"Walt treats his players like men," adds Dixie Walker, at present a Dodger hitting coach. "If he feels a player isn't doing his best he doesn't fine him or cuff him out or sit down and talk with him. He just won't play him anymore."

"Walt is a great handler of men," says Ozark. "He puts each of them in a category—festy, quiet-type, take-charge guy—so he'll know how to handle them. But generally, if he's having trouble with a particular player he'll ask one of his coaches to talk to him. He'll say something like, 'You can handle him better'—I can, Danny."

Over the years, Alston has become known as an expert at delegating authority to his coaches. One L.A. pitcher says, "If we tell the pitching coach we don't want to run on a certain day, he doesn't have to check with Walt to see if it's O.K. He makes his own decision."

Alston himself admits he relies on his coaches for considerable help. He says, "Sometimes I'll be sitting on the bench and a situation will come up and a coach will say, 'Walt, you wanna use a pinch runner here,' and I'll see I mighta messed it, so I'll say, 'Yeah, that's a good idea.' It doesn't hurt my pride when something like that happens. I'm not afraid to learn from my coaches."

Originally Alston was hired because it was felt his approach was right for a particular group of players. That belief, vindicated by the 1955 World Series victo-

ry, has grown into conviction, widely held, that Alston's style would contribute to the success of *any* team. The brilliant and often temperamental baseball minds of the Dreesens and Durochers produce no more victories than do the less brilliant but still adequate minds of men like Alston, it is said. Certainly one needs a modicum of baseball knowledge to manage well, but an excess produces no additional return. Brilliance, with its capricious outbursts, is often a burden to the front office and disruptive to a team's composure; witness Durocher's problems with the Cubs. Alston's modest and unassuming nature tends to defuse tensions. Indeed, there is no locker room in baseball more placid than that of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Alston's tendency is to let an event evolve to its natural conclusion without his interference. Whether this is a conscious or unconscious aspect of his nature it is impossible to say. But Dodger management values this quality highly—far more than managerial brilliance—and so, for the past 20 years Alston has been rehired to consecutive one-year contracts. Only two other men, Connie Mack and John McGraw, have managed the same team longer than Alston has managed the Dodgers.

Alston's teams have won six National League pennants and four World Series—including back-to-back pennants in the Koufax-Drysdale years of 1965-66. There have been kan years, too—a seventh-place finish in '58, a sixth in '64, an eighth in '67 and a seventh in '68—but, all in all, the Dodgers have been more than modestly successful. With each success Alston's reputation has grown. Today, the man who was once considered dour and colorless is viewed as a sage and patient patriarch. Alston did not consciously cultivate this image, but over the years he has come to value it.

He is no longer uncommunicative with the press. After each game, win or lose, Alston returns to his office near the locker room and answers reporters' questions. Still in uniform, he sits in his swivel chair behind his desk—the reporters standing fanned out before him—and answers each question carefully. At times he will take off his cap and, holding it by the bill, scratch his head in contemplation. "Danged if I know," he will respond to a question that has stumped him. He never speaks rashly or in anger.

continued



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and only rarely with humor. He turns to each new questioner slowly and stares directly into his eyes before answering, thus achieving a pause in which he can formulate answers. When he feels it is time to end a session, he stands and begins to undress. He undresses methodically, until finally he stands naked and unself-conscious before the reporters, a physically imposing man of 6'3" and 220 pounds. The hair on his massive chest is white and his skin is the color of light coffee. Still answering questions, Alston now dresses in street clothes—flared slacks and a Ban-Lon jersey—and when he is finished the interview is over.

Alston does not mind answering questions about the mechanics of a recently completed game ("Why did you bring in Brewer instead of Richert to pitch to that last batter?") but he would much rather talk about the other things in his life: his pheasant hunting, his skeet shooting, his billiard playing, his wood-working, his Honda 150 and 175 motorcycles, his children and grandchildren. As he holds up a photograph of his young grandson astride a five-gated horse, his face breaks into a broad grin, his teeth like pickets in a fence. One senses with Alston that he is always willing to contribute to the writing of his biography, which he knows will deal with him as one of the game's great managers.

There are some questions Alston is not particularly comfortable with, questions dealing with, say, his philosophy of managing ("I do it the way I have to, right or wrong. I can't do it Durocher's way and he can't do it mine"); his handling of players ("I just adjust myself to their queer spots"); or his reason for managing so long ("Well, I played baseball all those years and I just enjoy being with the guys, kidding around and all").

There are other questions, those dealing with certain problems Alston has had with players, that he would prefer not to answer. He will defuse those questions by denying that such problems existed. Of Dick Allen he will say, "I never had any trouble with him. Oh, he might not show up on time, but as long as he did his job during the game it was all right with me. Of course, you couldn't have everyone following their own private schedule. It would cause trouble. The one thing I'd like to stress here is that it really feeds me off when a guy is more con-

tinued

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ALSTON continued

centred with his own records than with the overall success of the team."

A player who brings unpleasant tensions into the placid Dodger clubhouse is likely to be quickly and quietly traded. Many such players have been black. Alston has traded away Maury Wills, Tommy Davis, Frank Robinson, Dick Allen and Willie Davis and he has had really hot run-ins with such stars as Don Newcombe and Jackie Robinson.

"Alston prejudiced?" snorts Wills, who was traded to Pittsburgh in 1966. "The man could never be prejudiced. The thought never occurred to him." Frank Robinson, traded to the Angels after a year with L.A., says, "It is just not in the man." Allen, traded after a year to the White Sox, says, "Walter Alston always treated me like a man."

"Alston's problems with Allen had nothing to do with the color of Richie's skin," says Bobby Valentine, who was an Allen confidant when both were with the Dodgers. "He just couldn't understand anyone as complex as Richie. One day Richie was sitting on the bench before a game and Alston walked over to him and said, 'Richie, you got your first base-man's glove? I want you to play first tonight.' Richie gave Walter a big grin and said, 'Sure, man, I'll dance for you.' Alston just stared at him in bewilderment. He didn't know what Richie meant. After a while he decided Richie must have been putting him on. He scratched his name from the lineup card just before game time."

Tommy Davis, who played under Alston during the '60s, says, "He's a straight guy, know what I mean? Really straight. I respect the man. I just don't understand him. He's had 20 years to become a great manager, and he's had some great teams. Yet he's never been a great manager. He's just good enough to get by. He's been lucky always to have coaches around him—Dresen, Reese, Durocher—who could give him advice. Something from those guys had to rub off on him. You'll be sitting by him in the dugout and a coach will say to Walt, 'What do we do now, Walt?' And he'll say, 'I don't know.' And the coach will say, 'We got a man who can hit-and-run.' And Walt will take off his cap and scratch his head and say, 'Yeah, we do, don't we?'"

"Whenever situations come up that

need a decision, Walt runs away. Once I asked him to stick up for me with the front office and he said, 'Well, I don't know. You better go talk to Buzzie [Bavast, the general manager] yourself.' Why should the front office get rid of a man like that? He won a few games, you can pay him \$50,000 a year for years, and he never causes anybody headaches. You'll never see him in hot water with the front office. If Durocher had managed the Dodgers for 20 years he would own the club by now. I still like Walt, even though he no longer wanted me as a player. One year when I was hurt he accused me of faking it. I told him I wouldn't do that to him. He said, 'I don't want to talk about it.' I tried to explain that I really was hurt, but he wouldn't listen. He just kept saying he'd call Buzzie and take my money if I didn't shut up. He fined me \$100 for every word I said. I was actually crying in front of that man, and all he wanted was for me to go away."

Alston has not had trouble with all his black players. In fact, he has been very close to Roy Campanella, on whom he relied heavily during his first years in Brooklyn, and Jim Gilliam, who stayed on as a coach. Gilliam is prized by Alston for his loyalty, and he says of Jim, "He was always ready to sacrifice his own career for the good of the team." The blacks Alston has had difficulty with are complicated and keenly intelligent men. Their complexity springs in good part from their being black in a predominantly white society.

"Walter and I never did hit it off," says Joe Black, the Dodger relief pitcher of the '50s who is now a vice-president of The Greyhound Corporation. "He never took time out to understand me. He just put us all in the same bag—me, Robby, Newk, Campy, Junior. He'd never met blacks like Robby and me, who had gone to college. We had never been a part of his world. He got along better with the unquestioning blacks like Campy and Junior, men who had only grade-school educations. Once during a team meeting he told Jackie, who had been complaining about Walt to the press, that if he had any complaints to make them to his face. Jackie just shrugged and said, 'If I did say anything to you it wouldn't do any good. You wouldn't understand.' Walt's response was to challenge Jackie to a fight which would let 'the best man

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win." And they would have fought if the players hadn't stepped between them. Still, Walt is not a prejudiced man. He just doesn't understand intricate personalities—white or black."

Alston has also had problems with his younger players. "When I first came up to the Dodgers," says Valentine, traded in the winter of '72 to the Angels, "Alston didn't say a word to me for a month and a half. I never once got a word of encouragement from the man. It was unbearable sometimes. I'd get three hits in a game and then be out of the lineup for three days, and nothing would be said. I used to stay awake at night imagining I'd done all kinds of things wrong. He never directly lets you know what he wants or thinks of you. He tries to avoid confrontations, not because it is a way of smoothing things out, but because he doesn't know what to do in a crisis. He just hopes the crisis will go away. He never commits himself strongly to anyone or anything, except maybe the proper image of Walter Alston. He doesn't want any player who doesn't contribute to that image. He doesn't want too many stars on his team, either. Too many stars make you forget the manager's name."

Before the close of the 1973 season it was announced that Walter Alston had been signed to his 21st consecutive one-year contract as manager of the Dodgers. Alston had managed the 1973 club to a second-place finish in the National League West. For more than half the year, led largely by a group of young players, the Dodgers had held first place.

"I followed them closely," says a former Dodger. "Those kids like Ron Cey carried the team for a while. Then by July the pressure started to get to them. They got tired mentally and physically and started looking for guidance. Walt didn't do anything for them but keep playing them every day. He wore them out, and they fell apart. A guy like Dresen would have talked to them or rested them a few games or told them to go out and get drunk—anything to snap them out of the slump. But Walt doesn't do things like that. He doesn't say anything. Of course, now he doesn't have to. His reputation is so firmly established he doesn't even have to win. All he has to do is stay close each year."

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The Gamekeepers' Dinner at Newport, Shropshire, on April 8 should be a real prize. "Lord Stafford will preside at the dinner," reports the *Country Landowner*, a normally high-toned British publication, "after which there will be a talk by 'Blaster' Bates on the subject of *Lord Chatterley's Lover* and other related matters concerning the keeping profession." Definitely. A blast from the past.

A successful basketball coach needs a certain singlemindedness when he is out on the recruiting trail. **Digger Phelps** has it. Three years ago, when Phelps was worried that prospect **Pete Crotty** might choose Fordham (which Digger was then just about to leave) rather than Notre Dame (where he was headed), he happened to meet Crotty at a banquet. The banquet hall was a little too public to discuss such delicate matters, so Phelps sought privacy. "He pulled me into the cloakroom," Crotty recalls. "While we were talking, some lady came up and handed him a coat. Phelps hung it up and she gave him a quarter." Phelps matter-of-factly pocketed the coin. And later on he pocketed Crotty, too.

The most coveted high school football player in Oklahoma is

Howard Humphrey of Morris, who plays practically every position—well, Oklahoma University wanted him badly, and in the course of recruiting they wheeled up one of their big guns, TV Sportscaster **Bud Wilkinson**. Young Humphrey was baffled when Bud was introduced as Coach Wilkinson. "Where did he coach?" he asked. Wilkinson only won three national championships, 14 Big Eight championships and, during one stretch, 47 consecutive games at Oklahoma. But Humphrey was seven years old when Wilkinson quit

■ **Olof Palme**, Sweden's socialist Premier, is not playing some solid Scandinavian sport like whale-sparring, he's playing Ping-Pong, that favorite game of people's republics everywhere. Suspicious. Worse yet in the eyes of Palme's nonadmirers, he is winning. Just as in the Riksdag, where the score is 175-all (175 members of parliament for Palme's ruling leftist coalition and 175 for the center and right). Palme found himself in a deadlock with his Minister of Agriculture. Each had won one game, and the score was 19-all in the third. Palme said prayers to Odin, then buried the minister with two straight shots 21-19.

◆ The San Diego Conquistadors were off on a road trip, and **Wilt Chamberlain** was not with them. That raised a ton of speculation last week. How does anyone lose a 7'1" coach? An early explanation was that Wilt was sick. That made a certain amount of sense; the Qs are enough to make any coach a bit ill. Next explanation was that Chamberlain was away on business involving the Qs owner, Dr. Leonard Bloom. The nature of the business was not elaborated. When Wilt did reappear—for Friday's game in New York against the Nets—he was asked whether he thought his absence had had any effect on the

team's morale. "Yes," he said. "While I was gone, they won two games. When I came back, they lost."

For two years **John Walker**, of Boney Hay, Staffordshire, England, had played a transatlantic game of chess by mail. His opponent was convicted murderer **Charles Bloodgood** in the Virginia State Penitentiary at Richmond. Their game is currently an enforced adjournment. Walker, who happens to be British director of the International Postal Chess Association, received a letter informing him that Bloodgood was no longer available. While pondering Walker's latest thrust, the prisoner had decided that jail was worse than zugzwang and escaped without leaving behind a sealed move. Virginia authorities declined the gambit and soon had Bloodgood in check again. His main problem now is a tougher-than-ever time bind.

Although 20-year-old **Marty Howe** and 18-year-old **Mark Howe**, the young stars of the division-leading Houston Astros, have contracts that will pay them more than \$400,000 apiece over the next four years, they are fiscally conservative. "In fact,"

says father **Gordie Howe** (page 14), who will receive \$1 million for playing for the same team over the same period, "they are downright tight." **Colleen Howe** who manages family finances, decided something should be done. The younger Howes live with their parents, and Colleen decreed that henceforth they should pay rent at \$30 per week. Mark was dumbfounded. He said they'd never had to pay rent before. "You never earned money before," Colleen replied. But she gave her sons an alternative. Instead of paying the \$30, they could buy the groceries each week. "They were too smart for that," Gordie says. "They decided to pay rent."

Mr. and Mrs. **Rodger W. Thompson** got into an argument in a Fairfield, Calif. tavern and settled it, more or less, by staging an impromptu all-in-the-family demolition derby. She angrily roared off from the bar in one car, and he pursued in the other. They ended up in a muddy field, repeatedly ramming each other's car. Both vehicles, a 1968 Dodge and a 1968 Chevrolet, were totaled. Two children riding with Mr. Thompson were unhurt but complained of a bumpy ride.



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL /
Barry McDermott



Just enough high Cards

In the Mo-Val showdown, Louisville barely stopped bumptious Bradley

As the sun warmed and dissipated a persistent fog last Saturday morning, an eerie sight rose up on the edge of downtown Peoria. Outside a Quonset-hut structure, a swarm of college students stood grim vapt, clothes unkempt, hands blackened from bonfires, eyes reddened by the evening watch. They were not queuing up for a Bob Dylan concert or a speech by William Kunstler. This day the theme and the message promised to be even shriller and more jarring. It was showdown time in the Valley.

Bradley and Louisville were meeting for the Missouri Valley Conference title,

JUMPIN' JACK Wesley Cox picks off a rebound. Bridgeman (10) later scored winning points.

a little nugget that goes a long way in the end of the season assay. Mo-Val may read like the bumper sticker of two hall-billy sweethearts, but the league champion has been in the NCAA final round three of the last five years. No wonder Bradley students started standing in line for seats late Friday afternoon.

As it developed, their anticipation was rewarded. The game was a classic, a bitterly contested, cleanly played gem that Louisville won 87-84 in overtime. Junior Bridgeman scored on a three-point play with seven seconds remaining as Louisville went through the crucial moments with its two top players missing on foul and a pair of substitute freshman guards pulling the strings. It was Bradley's first loss of the season in Robertson Memorial Field House, which is nothing much more than two airplane hangars sewn together, with acoustics like the inside of a drum. Opponents usually leave there with Orphan Annie eyes.

Bradley began the afternoon a game behind Louisville in the standings, but seemed on its way to forcing a playoff as it nursed a two-point lead into the final minute of overtime. Then Braves Center Greg Smith reached out to try for the nail-down points and fell off the mountain. He missed a short jump shot that hit the rim and bounced away, and Louisville sub like Whitfield turned it into a fast-break lay-in. Another miss by Bradley's Doug Shank set up the final play, with Bridgeman breaking clear and receiving a swift pass from freshman Guard Billy Harmon. The sound of Bradley hearts breaking could be heard all the way to Chicago.

The Braves spent much more than effort in this game, and did not get back any change. At the beginning of the season, they were picked to finish sixth in the Valley, but urged on by their indefatigable coach, Joe Stowell, a diminutive Rumpelstiltskin who winds itself up and down the sidelines, they had inched up close enough to feel the warmth of the sun. "A lesser team than Louisville would have folded," said Stowell afterward, his voice hoarse and choked.

Stowell and Louisville Coach Denny Crum are antitheses in style and looks. The Bradley coach is a 47-year-old who talks in the quicksilver tongue of a *Beat the Clock* contestant. His pasty skin

makes him look as if a vampire has been after his jugular. Crum, on the other hand, epitomizes the neo-coach: double-knit slacks, patent-leather pumps, spray-lacquered razor cut, spiffy smile. He turned 37 on Saturday and has the charm and persistence of a storm-window salesman. Since he moved from an assistant's post at UCLA three years ago, he has kept the rest of the Valley out in the cold. The Cardinals have won two titles, finished second once and have an overall record of 68-17.

During a game Stowell's posture rams the gamut from supplication to rage, from disgust to elation. After mistakes he screams his torment at the offender, then skitters up and down the bench to bark at the subs. Each day he is on the court 45 minutes before practice to play in three-on-three games with his players—elbowing, diving for loose balls, a middle-aged man employing a *Kamikaze* defense. "That's the only way to play," he spatters. Says Greg Smith, "He gets out there and goes crazy."

Despite their differing personalities, Crum and Stowell are friends. While scouting Louisville, Stowell sent a note to Crum that read, "I will beat you in gin rummy March 1." Answered Crum, "I hope he brings his credit cards." The game never did come off. Maybe Stowell figured he already had lost enough money. His team has got a speeding ticket on the way to Drake earlier in the week.

Smith is typical of the Braves' players. Only 6'5", he chose Bradley because he did not think the university could recruit a really big man to supplant him. Now he is a sophomore with an 18.5 average. "Smith might be the only college center who can't dunk," says Stowell. "He looks like he can't play. He's chubby. But he gets the ball in the basket." Against Louisville, Smith scored 14 points despite a sore thumb that was dislocated two weeks ago, and he caused Wesley Cox, the visitor's sensational freshman center, to foul out. Explaining his success against bigger opponents, Smith said, "Everybody I play says I'm dirty out there."

Louisville has a size problem of its own because its regular big man, Bill Buntion, is academically ineligible. The Cardinals do have some jumpin' jack flashes, which is part of the reason they are able to dare opponents into shooting, then swat the ball away while it is in mid-flight. Bill Butler, a 6'11" forward, has a

continued



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Mickey Rooney jump. His 42-inch spring is almost as high as the actor. He led both teams in rebounding Saturday with 12.

Cox was the most highly touted player to come out of the Louisville high school system since Wes Unseld. Crum first started thinking about Cox three years ago after seeing him play in a summer recreation league. When Cox joined the Cardinals, he promised, "Before I leave here, we are going to go further than Jim Price and his teammates went." Price played on the UL team that lost to UCLA in the 1972 semifinals. Cox is not the Valley's most affable soul. Frequently, he will admit only his name, rank and serial number to reporters. It isn't that he is surly. His mother scolds him if he gets too much publicity.

All great players make hard plays look easy. Cox makes impossible plays look hard. Against St. Louis last week he scored 11 field goals and nine of them were sprinkled with wizardry. Against Bradley his wand poled and he scored only 10 points, but he had nine rebounds and returned four shots direct to their senders.

Louisville's best shooter is Allen Murphy. After he was called for a series of walking violations in an earlier game, Murphy said, "These legs have an infirmity—the Murphy shuffle." The Cardinals' favorite out-of-bounds play is a job over a triple screen to Murphy for a 20-foot jump shot. He is making almost 85% of those, although he did not try one against Bradley. He did, however, score 10 points before joining Cox on the bench with five fouls. It was his 37th straight game in double figures.

Bradley's frenzied defense rattled Louisville, but the Cards have had problems like that all season. Once after a ball flew out of bounds and knocked a phone off a court-side table, Junior Varsity Coach Jerry Jones ran over, picked up the phone and yelled, "Hello. Hello. We just threw the ball away again."

Louisville had more than 30 turnovers against Bradley, and many of them were forced by frenetic Guard Tom Les. Les prevented two Louisville lay-ins by diving through the air and tipping the ball away from behind. Once he knocked it up in the air, caught it and flipped it back to a teammate before he slid out of bounds.

This type of play, plus the shooting of Mark Dohner, enabled the Braves to stay close in the second half and overtime.

Dohner was booed much of last year but the junior forward had been Bradley's leading scorer in the three games prior to Louisville. He made four of five shots after halftime and finished with 17 points, one fewer than Jim Caruthers. It was Caruthers who put the game into overtime with a corner jump shot.

In the early part of the game, Louisville made Bradley appear to be moving in slow motion. The Cards rolled to a 27-16 lead before the fouls started to mount. "Anytime a team plays with that much intensity, you're not going to stop them," Crum said.

But Louisville did stop them and Bradley wound up losing a dream that almost turned into reality.

Later Stowell slumped in bitter dejection and Crum happily hit into a birthday cake served on the Cards' charter flight back home. But for a shot that hit the rim and came off, the taste in his mouth might have been different.

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

MIDWEST

Ohio State was at the bottom of the Big Ten and Coach Fred Taylor was philosophizing. "You have to live on both sides of the street in this business whether you like it or not," he said. "Right now, it's like Rod McKuen says, 'You got to remember the good times.' " Taylor had a taste of the good times at the end of the week when his Buckeyes got five clutch free throws in the closing minutes from Larry Bolden to upset Indiana 85-79. The loss dropped the Hoosiers, who had beaten Michigan State 91-85 earlier in the week, into a first-place tie with Michigan. On the strength of Campy Russell's 64 points, the Wolverines downed Wisconsin 78-74 and Minnesota 79-56.

For the seventh straight year Marquette had an invitation to the NCAA tournament, but the Warriors' play was not up to their billing. Only a 27-point performance by Maurice Lucas, who hit 12 of 17 shots from the field, saved them from an embarrassing loss to Toledo, and Coach Al McGuire saw no reason to rejoice over his team's 61-58 win. "We're still having trouble with our cohesiveness," McGuire moaned. "The kids aren't selfish, but all the talent seems to be individual talent. I think we stunk." Imagine what he thought after Cincinnati's Bearcats drubbed his Warriors 92-77. But McGuire wasn't entertaining any notions of

turning down the tournament bid, as he did four years ago. To play in the NCAA, he said, "We'd go to East Taiwan with clip-clops on." Marquette will meet Ohio University, which wrapped up the Mid-American Conference by beating Bowling Green 73-70.

With an NCAA at-large bid at stake, Oral Roberts overcame Southern Illinois' 52% shooting with overwhelming rebounding plus 68 points from Sam McCann, Al Buswell and Greg McDougald to win 102-88. Awarded a spot in the Midwest regional, the Titans subsequently disposed of Oklahoma City 103-84. Fly Williams' 38 points paced Austin Peay to a 91-66 win over Ohio Valley co-leader Middle Tennessee State. The Governors will play Notre Dame in the Midwest regional. The Irish, in the meantime, won easily over Ball State 93-69 and then Villanova 115-85. Dayton, which also received an at-large bid and will play in the West regional, beat Miami of Ohio 79-74 and Northern Michigan 73-59.

Both Kansas and Kansas State, vying for the Big Eight title, ran into trouble with Nebraska. The Cornhuskers used a tenacious defense to limit the Jayhawks to 19 first-half points and less than 37% field-goal accuracy for the evening. Kansas also missed 13 of 18 free throws but, by employing both its big pivots—Denny Knight and Rick Seale—at the same time, gained control of the backboards and coked out a 51-46 win. Fortunately for the Jayhawks, Nebraska shot only 33.3%. Kansas State was less fortunate. Cornhuskers Jerry Fort, Ricky Marsh and Tom Novak fired in 44 points over the Wildcats as Nebraska triumphed 58-54. Kansas then edged Colorado 70-68 on a 23-foot jump shot by Norm Cook with 28 seconds left. The Jayhawks can clinch the Big Eight by beating the Wildcats at home on March 6.

1. NOTRE DAME (34-1) 2. MARQUETTE (32-4)

EAST

Pennsylvania won a fifth consecutive Ivy League title and entered a fifth straight 20-victory season when it downed Columbia 90-65. The Quakers jumped out to a 14-2 lead and poured in 53 second-half points to end Brown's and Princeton's hopes of tying for the title. Penn then polished off Cornell 84-68.

The Quakers will play Providence in the NCAA East regional. The Friars upped their record to 25-3 by handling St. John's easily, 85-67. Providence used fast-break basketball and shot 62% to put the game quickly out of reach. Earlier in the week Providence had blistered Cincinnati 97-69 while St. John's had downed Holy Cross 98-72. St. John's decision to play in the NIT might have helped open the door for Syracuse, which beat Colgate 64-57 and accepted an NCAA bid.

St. Joseph's surprised La Salle 76-71 in the Middle Atlantic Conference finals and will

continues

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

meet Pittsburgh, which ended the week with an 83-78 win over West Virginia, in the East regional. To reach the finals St. Joe's had to survive a double overtime scare with Lafayette. The Hawks blew an early 14-point lead but finally prevailed 64-61 when they converted five free throws in the final 1:06. "It's about time we won one of these," said Guard Jim O'Brien, recalling three overtime losses the Hawks suffered in one four-game span in February. St. Joe's was apprehensive because Guard Mike Moody had bruised a rib in a pileup and missed the overtime periods. But he returned the next night against La Salle, played all 40 minutes, scored 16 points and grabbed 11 rebounds. "We don't win without him," said Coach Jack McKinney. "He keeps coming up with the big play."

1. PROVIDENCE (28-2) 2. PITTSBURGH (22-3)

SOUTH

South Carolina's Gamecocks recorded their sixth straight 20-win season when they pounded 11th-ranked Pitt 67-50. Coach Frank McGuire recorded his 45th collegiate victory and team Captain Brian Winters became a 1,000-point man with his game-high 23. The NCAA-bound Gamecocks were equally impressive in punting Houston 104-86.

North Carolina State clinched first place in the ACC by beating North Carolina 83-72. Coach Norm Sloan gave out his first game ball ever, to 7'4" Center Tom Burleson, who rallied from a lopsided first half to contribute 19 points, nine rebounds and three blocked shots after intermission, sparking a 17-2 upset that put the game out of reach. The Wolfpack also scored a 72-63 win over Wake Forest, which had lost to Maryland earlier in the week 77-68. In that game, Terrapin Len Elmore set a school record with 26 rebounds. Later, Maryland crushed Virginia 110-75 to clinch a tie for second in the ACC with the Tar Heels, who barely survived Duke, 96-92 in overtime.

Furman won the Southern Conference's Russian roulette postseason tournament for the second straight time, beating Richmond 62-60 in the finals. Two free throws in the last 18 seconds by 5'10" Ed Kelley, who hit five of six shots from the floor in scoring 14 points, proved the margin of victory.

Jeff Fosnes scored 24 points and sank two free throws with 41 seconds left to lead Vanderbilt to a 71-69 win over Kentucky. That win, coupled with Alabama's 64-61 upset by Florida, gave the Commodores the SEC's NCAA tournament berth. Alabama could still vie for the title but would not represent the conference because it lost twice to Vandy during the regular season. The Commodores beat Mississippi 84-68 earlier in the week, converting 20 of 23 foul shots while Ole Miss never shot a free throw.

1. N.C. STATE (34-1) 2. MARYLAND (25-4)

WEST

Never mind their 12-14 record and the fact that they won only one of their 12 preconference games. Texas is the SWC champion. The Longhorns won the title on the last day of conference play when they beat Baylor 95-84 and co-leader Texas Tech lost to SMU 78-72. Baylor tried to shut off Texas' high-scoring Larry Robinson by using a defense that had four men playing zone and the fifth guarding the Longhorn ace. But Robinson took advantage of the tactic to open the doors for teammates. He was held to 20 points, but Dan Krueger got 26 and Harry Larrabee 22. Earlier in the week Texas had beaten Arkansas convincingly, 99-82.

New Mexico took the Western Athletic Conference when it thumped Texas-El Paso 67-55 at home and co-leader Arizona fell before Arizona State 106-95. The Sun Devils held Bob (Big Bird) Elliott, who had scored 38 points and grabbed 25 rebounds in the Wildcats' earlier 98-90 win over Arizona State, to just five points and five rebounds. State outbounded the Wildcats 55 to 31.

New Mexico will play the winner of the Big Sky in the West regional. Idaho State and Montana ended the regular season with identical 19-7 overall and 11-3 conference records. Both qualified for a playoff March 5 at Montana when the Grizzlies dented Montana State 95-86 for their 13th straight win and Idaho State beat Boise State 86-86.

San Francisco led Seattle by one game in the WCAC and another playoff seemed likely when the Dons trailed St. Mary's 37-25. But Guard Phil Smith scored 27 of his career-high 34 points in the final 22 minutes and San Francisco captured the tournament spot with an 80-70 win. Cal State-Los Angeles edged past San Barbara 93-87 and won the right to represent the Pacific Coast Athletic Association in the NCAA's in place of grounded Long Beach State. The Forty-Niners, meanwhile, flattened their record at the expense of PCAA rivals, pounding San Jose State 84-60 and Pacific 76-52.

UCLA and USC will decide the Pac-8 on March 9 but both were lucky to survive trips to the Bay Area. The Trojans almost blew a 10-point second-half lead but hung on to beat Stanford 62-59. The next day California, playing four freshmen during one stretch, came from 13 points down to lead USC 67-66 with 12 seconds left. When Trojan Dan Anderson hit a jumper, Cal called an illegal time-out, giving Anderson a technical free throw. Cal then had to foul and USC's Gus Williams converted for a 70-67 win. UCLA had little trouble with the Golden Bears, getting 18 straight points in the first half en route to an 85-60 win. But Stanford's Tim Patterson, who had not scored against USC, poured in 26 against the Bruins the next night and UCLA just made it, 62-60.

1. UCLA (22-3) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (22-2)

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This is Marvin
Anderson. He and
his wife and young
Marvin live in Chicago.

Racetrack run by a mule

Sam Davis maintains he acquired the stubborn qualities of the animals on his family farm, and they have helped him succeed at Florida Downs

Sam Davis was seated at his usual table in the front row of the Sky Terrace at Florida Downs racetrack in Oldsmar, Fla., as a field of 10 paraded to the post for the first race. Davis, 65, is a large, pleasant, outspoken man who in 1933 was captain and quarterback of the University of Florida football team and, a little over a year ago, began operating a racetrack for the first time, running it, furthermore, with remarkable success.

"I never imagined that I would be doing this," Davis said as he examined the horses. "I figured I would be spending this part of my life following my own horses around or just traveling. A year ago I didn't know a darned thing about running a track. I'm not sure, in fact, that I do even now." But owners who race their animals at Florida Downs feel strongly that Sam knows more than he lets on.

On the wall behind the desk in Davis' office, where he spends as little time as possible, is an impressive collection of awards given him for service to the city of Tampa. For 22 years he operated the prosperous Tampa Ship Repair and Drydock Co., which he sold to New York Yankee Owner George Steinbrenner III in 1972 for \$2.5 million. None of the awards means as much to Davis, however, as a purple-and-black plaque he received last March from local horsemen in appreciation for keeping attendance up and money coming in.

Of the 150 thoroughbred race meetings conducted in North America in 1973, only a handful showed advances in attendance and wagering greater than those at Florida Downs in Davis' first season as both its president and general manager. Patronage rose 14.8% and betting 25.9% at a time when close to half the tracks saw their crowds drop off and almost 20% showed declines in mutual play. With the 1974 meeting now nearing its final week, attendance is up another 6.8%, despite gasoline shortages and tight money.

Florida Downs is certainly not Aqueduct or Santa Anita. It is not even Bowie. It is, in fact, more on a level with Assiniboia Downs near Winnipeg or Cahokia Downs in East St. Louis, Ill., where the average patronage is somewhere between 3,000 and 4,000 a day and the betting in the \$300,000 range. The track is located on the west coast of the state, within easy driving distance of Tampa, St. Petersburg and Clearwater. Covering 475 acres, it has more property on which to expand than any other racetrack in the country.

"In time," says Davis, "I hope to make this the best small track in the United States." And he is stubborn enough to see that hope fulfilled. He was born on a farm in Smyrna, Tenn.,

about 20 miles from Nashville in the heart of mule country. "I came to know mules at a tender age," Davis says, "and I do not deny that perhaps some of their personality and characteristics may have rubbed off on me."

Matt Wynn, the man who put Churchill Downs on the map, built the forerunner of Florida Downs in 1924. It was called Tampa Downs and, despite local ordinances that forbade betting, managed to conduct a meeting. But the track did not reopen the following year, and only one regular meeting was held in the next 23 years.

In 1947 it came back to life as Sunshine Park, quickly earning such varied pseudonyms as "Cottonmouth Downs" (because snakes slithered along the backstretch) and "Shoeshine Park" (because a patron needed one upon leaving). Little national attention was paid to Sunshine in its first season for about a thousand other reasons.

When the track did receive some publicity in its second year, it was for undesirable reasons. Mutuel play dropped to \$77,000 a day and the purses were twice cut. Any time purses are lowered, oldtimers hold, thieves get to work as swiftly as vampires react to sunset. While Sunshine Park did not capitulate, it was in serious trouble, and it seemed to change ownership annually. Voodoo stalked the place. One year a water-skiing exhibition was started in the infield and the first time out the boats sank. Intrigue was rampant; twice the track was bombed, one charge exploding under the stairs leading to the jockeys' room.

Two personalities, however, helped bring some sunshine to Sunshine. Apprentice Tony DeSpirito, who in his early days rode like a desperado, pumped home his first winner at Sunshine in January 1952 and went on to break the all-time record for victories in a season, held for 46 years by Walter Miller. When DeSpirito finished his year at Sunshine by riding his 389th winner, he announced he was sending his share of the purse, \$50, to Miller, who was seriously ill.

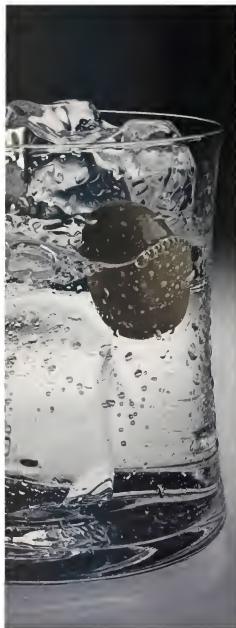
Then, in a radio interview from California, Sports writer Grantland Rice was asked to name his favorite track, and everyone listening expected him to say Santa Anita, Hollywood Park or Saratoga. "Sunshine Park," said Rice.

Sunshine struggled on through the years until 1965 when it was renamed

continued



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Florida Downs, but the new name did not lessen a long-held reputation among horsemen that it was merely a place where Kentuckians "got all the stall space whether they raced their horses there or not." That reputation held until 1971, when the mule came out in Sam Davis.

At the time Davis was primarily interested in his own large stable, Brooksville Farms, Brooksville produced a good-looking filly by Magic Egg, who had set the track record at Florida Downs for five furlongs. "I saw her fouled," Davis says, "and helped her into her stall. Named her S.D.'s Delight for my daughter Susan."

S.D.'s Delight won her first two races at Florida Downs and was made the betting favorite, at 3 to 5, for the \$10,000 Florida Breeders Futurity, the track's most important race. When the gates opened, 11 horses came out. The 12th—S.D.'s Delight—stayed in. Joe Tutela, Delight's rider, said later, "I heard a buzz and a click. My horse lunged at the gate and bounced back. Then I heard the other horses breaking out. Finally my gate came open. They wanted me to take her around but by that time the others were too far down the track. . . ."

Davis was furious. "Naturally," he recalls now, "all the rumors I had heard about the track in the past ran through my head. I wanted it called no race and the Futurity run again. I took depositions and raised all kinds of hell. The money bet on my horse was refunded and I got my nomination fees back. They said there was a short circuit in the gate, and I'm convinced that nothing malicious had taken place. But I got so mad at what happened to S.D.'s Delight that I bought the racetrack."

No sooner had Davis acquired Florida Downs than he started riding off of its Die Kentucky Home reputation. Straight off, he went to the Florida Breeders Association and told the members it would be to their advantage to stable at his track. He was out to show that Florida breeding was as good as any. Florida-breds accounted for only 6% of the horses in training in 1973, but they produced 13 of the top 30 money-winners, including Susan's Girl, London Company, Shekky Greene, Tentam, Wing Out and Tri Jet.

Today, a few of the better-known stables do race at Florida Downs, but be-

cause of the limited purse structure most of the 1,200 horses at the track fly the colors of outfits like The Ace of Hearts, Cocktail Hour or Big Hearted Leroy stables. As part of his upgrading program, Davis has negotiated attractive deals with the Florida Breeders. This year three of the track's races carried a stud service to My Dad George, Needles and Minnesota Mac as a bonus for winning. The top two races during the meeting remain the \$10,000 Florida Breeders Futurity and the \$10,000 Grantland Rice Memorial Handicap.

Davis' hope is eventually to add twilight racing in the summer so that his track can function 120 days a year. "We get a lot of summer tourists in this area," he says, "and I don't think we have enough diversions for them. We also have a lot of working people who could come to the races in the evening and not have to give up a day's work or a night's sleep." For the same reasons, Davis has kept admission prices nominal—\$1 for grandstand and \$2 for clubhouse. Once a week, senior citizens are allowed in free and every Thursday is Ladies' Day. The track is closed on Wednesdays and Sundays.

If a jockey has a good meeting at Florida Downs he can make about \$13,000, not much compared to the big tracks, and earning even that much is a scuffle. Still, Mike Manganello, the best-known member of Florida Downs' jockey colony, is enamored of the place. This is his 11th year as a rider there, and he has topped the jocks in six of the past seven years and tied for first once. In 1970 he came out of Florida Downs and onto the back of Dust Commander at Churchill Downs, where they ended up in the Derby winner's circle.

"I like riding here," Manganello said one afternoon recently between races. "I only like to take six mounts a day, and having Wednesdays off is a help to me. I can sketch or play golf or fish. This track has changed quite a lot for the better in the years that I have ridden here. And thanks to Sam Davis these last two seasons have been the best ever."

Part of the old Sunshine Park atmosphere lives on, too. The other day Manganello was bitten by a snake that had infiltrated the jockeys' room. Happily, it was nonpoisonous, not a cottonmouth. Sam Davis seems to be looking after everything.

END



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Big problems for Little F

Francie Larrieu had world records to break, the AAU to fight, a Russian rival to keep an eye on—and a comic tendency to trip and fall down

Little Francie Larrieu had a lot on her mind. First, there was this thing with the AAU. Here she was, along with Mary Decker one of the sensations of women's indoor track, knocking off world records almost faster than they could be compiled, yet when the AAU invited her to its indoor championships in New York last month it did not offer enough travel money to cover expenses from her home in Sunnyvale, Calif. Her track club—the powerful Pacific Coast Club—decided to skip the AAU meet entirely, and Francie went instead to the K. of C. indoor meet in Winnipeg.

Then there was the matter of the world cross-country championships in Italy later this month. Francie is the best the U.S. has, and she wants to go, but the AAU budget for housing, feeding and transporting the six girls on the team is only \$5,000. Ken Foreman, the coach, figured that the team could save \$1,200 on air fare if the four girls who were under 23 (which includes Francie) would fly to Europe from Canada to take advantage of youth fares there. But the girls would have to pay their own way to Canada.

O.K., athletes generally don't like to pay their own way but, shoot, it's not the money. Francie could always sell her 1965 Volkswagen, or pawn her medals or go into debt to help out Uncle Sam. "I want to go badly," the pretty, 21-year-old Olympian said. "I'm No. 1 and I'm in great shape. I should run. But at just isn't right. Why should I have to pay \$180 in air fare when I'm a member of a United States team? It's ridiculous. Somebody has to stand up and protest."

And there were matters of more immediate concern. Ludmilla Bragina for one. She's the Russian who won the 1,500 meters at Munich, a strong, tough competitor who has run that distance in 4:01.4 outdoors, faster than any woman ever. Bragina was having her problems, too. Two weeks before, in Toronto, while Francie was winning the 1,500 in world indoor record time of 4:12.2, the Russian finished a distant sixth.

That was Francie's fourth world record this indoor season. Earlier she had set a 4:34.6 mark in the mile at Seattle, and then had knocked an astonishing 32.6 seconds off the two-mile world standard at San Diego, winning in 9:39.4. During the two-mile run she sped past the 3,000-meter mark in 9:02.4, another record. Still, the day before they met in Winnipeg, she watched as the Russian girl, sitting two tables away, lunched on a steak. Francie frowned. "I wonder if she was just setting me up at Toronto," she mused, trying not to stare at Ludmilla. "I don't know. Would anyone run

sixth just to make me relax? She wouldn't, would she?"

Bragina finished her lunch and on her way out of the restaurant stopped at Francie's table. She has a plain but pleasant face, and a warm smile.

"How your times?" she asked, touching Francie's hand.

"Very good. I had a 9:39.4 for two miles, but it was real easy. I lapped the field once and some of them twice, and as I lapped them I was able to pull on them." Francie's words flowed quickly. The Russian girl nodded approvingly and left.

Francie's brown eyes followed Bragina out of the restaurant. Then she frowned at her omelet. "I wish I knew if she understood me. When I first met her she couldn't speak a word of English. Do you think it's my fault—that I never learned to speak Russian?" When the omelet didn't answer, Francie ate it.

Her first fret in Winnipeg was the weight of the American flag, which the Canadian officials had asked her to carry in an opening ceremony. Francie thought George Woods, the 300-pound shotputter, might be better suited. "I'm kind of weak," she argued. "I've kind of neglected my weight training. Oh, well, how heavy can it be?" And so, with all that on her mind, when she stepped off the track, she slipped on a patch of exposed ice and fell heavily on her rear. All she could do for a moment was lie there and laugh.

"You klutz," she said, shaking her head. "Leave it to Larrieu. Why didn't somebody tell me that when they put a track over a hockey rink, they don't cover up all the ice? But I guess if I didn't fall down, it wouldn't be me. I fell down some stairs just before the Sunbelt meet and I was black and blue for a week."

Life has been like that for Francie Larrieu, one fall after another, some more serious than others, but she always manages to pick herself up with a grin. The sixth of nine children, she was made aware of the track scene by her older brother Ron, a distance runner on the 1964 Olympic team. Then, when she read about the Junior Olympics on the back of a box of Wheaties, she decided she wanted to compete, too. She was 13.

She joined a track club in Santa Clara, Calif., and her first race was a 220, which went off without her. "I was just wandering around," she recalled with amusement, "and when they announced these



OFF THE TRACK. BYPASSING THE AAU

race, I didn't understand. My coach was slightly upset. But I was also entered in a 660, the slowest of two heats, and I won."

In 1969 she qualified for her first U.S. team, in the 1,500 meters, and they asked her to prove she was a girl. She asked them if they were blind.

"I was only 16, and it was embarrassing," she said. She has been tested four times; twice for the Pan-Pacific Games, once for the Olympics and, last year, for the World University Games in Moscow.

"Everybody has to be tested, so I go along," she said. "I kept asking for a certificate of proof, but they never gave me one. Finally, last year, the Russians gave me one. Now I carry it everywhere. The only trouble is it's in Russian. Nobody can read it."

Quickly she became the darling of the distance runners—when she was healthy, which wasn't often. If she didn't have a cold, she had the flu. In 1971 she pushed herself too far. She was ill, but she ran

a qualifying race for the Russian-American dual meet in Berkeley, and performed poorly.

"I knew I shouldn't have run," she said, "but my mother and father had never seen me in a major race and Berkeley would have been close enough for them to make the trip." After another cross-country defeat, someone clipped the story of the race from a newspaper and mailed it to her. Across the top was scrawled, "No more worry about F. L." It was unsigned.

"I tried to ignore it," she said, "but it blew my mind. That and losing." She sighed and shook her head. "I know better now. But I was young then. I couldn't get my mind together. I almost quit." She still has the clipping.

She was a student for a while at De-Anza Junior College in California, but left and went to work in a laundry. She trained hard, but the early spark was gone. In March 1972 her coach, Augie Argabright of the San Jose Cindergals, talked her into running in an international cross-country meet in Seattle. Argabright crossed his fingers. He told her he wanted her there to lend support to Jackie Dixon, a teammate.

"I didn't think there was any way she could have the proper mental attitude," Argabright said, "and I didn't think she could stay up with the other girls."

It was a 2½-mile race and Francie ran the entire distance yelling encouragement to Jackie Dixon, who finished eighth. After it was over, she realized that she had finished 15th in a field of 31 of the best women distance runners in the country. "It's coming back," she said, "but I better hurry if I'm going to make the Olympic team."

She hurried. She ran away from everyone in the U.S. in the 1,500 meters and qualified easily for the Olympic team. "And I got into that Jesus thing," she said. "A real religious kick. Prayer, reading the Bible. It lasted until I finished eighth in the semi-final at Munich. I figured then that what I needed was more experience and less praying."

Until this season, Francie had looked upon indoor track almost as a chore, something that had to be done to prepare for the outdoor races. But suddenly, and despite training on a cross-country diet of a lot of miles (100 a week) and no speed work, she began burning up the boards. She was stunned. Now when she talks about running in-

doors, it's with a feeling of excitement.

"For the first time I can feel the vibrations of the crowd," she said. "And I can feel myself responding to them. I just keep running faster."

In Winnipeg, Francie went for the vibes right away. But starting from the inside lane, she nearly collided with a camera-happy official. She threw herself sideways, just missing the man. "I was going for the lead, and he got there first," she said later.

But before the first lap was done, Francie had the lead and began setting a blistering pace. Her rivals, including the Russian, began to fade. Halfway through the race, Francie was far out in front, running alone. At the three-quarter mark she listened for her time, but heard only the crowd. She did not know how far behind the others were, so she held back, waiting for a challenge.

In the infield of the track Dwight Stones, the high jumper who sometimes wears a Big D on the back of his T shirt, began to yell at Francie, who wears a Little F on her shirt.

"Record time, Little F," Stones yelled. She had turned the three-quarters in excellent time. "Keep those arms up. Turn it on."

Francie didn't hear him, either, and coasted home in 4:14.9, a few seconds off her world record. "Oh, no," she moaned later. "If I had known the time I really would have gone. I kept listening, but I couldn't hear anything." Then she burst out laughing. "Did you see me tripping? I was tripping the whole way. I could see myself falling again in front of all those people."

Stones, who holds the world outdoor high-jump record, came jogging up. "Little F, you're just about as great as me."

Francie cocked her head. "Big D, how many indoor world records do you hold?"

"None," said Stones. "Just one outdoors."

"Well, then," said Francie. "Indoors you're almost as great as me. I've got four."

"O.K.," said Stones, "now let's go back to the hotel and dance." They did. And sometime early Sunday morning Francie's feet became tangled during a complicated step and she nearly fell again.

"Oh, damn," she said, looking up at Big D.

END



ON THE TRACK: EASY WIN IN WINNIPEG



Charity, certainly—but mercy? Never!

Many bridge tournaments nowadays include one session from which card fees are donated to charity, either the national beneficiary annually designated by the American Contract Bridge League or a local one. This year, for example, the league will turn over between \$100,000 and \$200,000 to the American Cancer Society.

Sometimes, as at the recent Bermuda Regional, the amount raised is augmented by auctioning off experts who agree to play in that session as the partner of the highest bidder. Long ago the late Fred Kaplan submitted to such a procedure and was bought by a lady whose purse was richer than her talent. After two hands the terrible-tempered Mr. Bang of bridge glared across the table and said, "Lady, I came to help cancer, not to get it." The experts do not always win, of course, but they usually give their partners full money's worth. Here, for example, is a hand that had East muttering,

*Nuttles' ace vulnerable
South dealer*

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
4 NT	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Jack of diamonds

"That so-and-so expert gets to a borderline slam, my partner makes the best opening lead and he makes it anyway. I don't see how he figured it."

South's rebid of three clubs was on the aggressive side, but North's spade response promoted South's values and he wanted to ensure getting to four spades if North held a five-card suit. But when South next supported spades and North returned to hearts, it became apparent that North's earlier response of three diamonds, when he could have retreated to three hearts with a weaker hand, had been intended to show extra strength. South therefore checked on aces and bid the heart slam when North announced two.

Against anything but a diamond opening, declarer would have had time to surrender a club, ruff a third round of clubs in dummy, draw trumps and discard his diamond loser on dummy's fourth spade. But the diamond lead seemed to limit declarer's chances to a straight diamond finesse; indeed, had he taken it immediately, the contract would have failed.

Instead, South, realizing that if the king were onside he could always lead toward the queen later to set up a discard for his second club loser, put up dummy's ace of diamonds, and East signaled with the 6. Declarer next played ace, queen and king of trumps, allowing for a finesse for the jack if West showed out on the second round. Then he led a diamond toward the queen, and West put in the 9. Apparently East held the king, so South let West hold the trick, East echoing with the 3.

West shifted to a spade, taken by dummy's jack, and South was at the crossroads. He had to decide whether a low diamond lead would drop East's king, or whether West had led from J 10 9 alone, in which case the lead of the queen would force East to cover with the king and smother West's 10, establishing dummy's 8. Although the smoother play is always tempting because it looks sensational when it succeeds, South resisted and led a low diamond. The diamond king was ruffed, the spade king was cashed and South overtook his spade queen with dummy's ace to discard clubs on the diamond queen and spade 9.

How did declarer know which way to play the diamonds? The answer lay in the card East had played on the first trick—the 6 of diamonds. Had East held both the 6 and the 7, presumably he would have played the higher of the two when he signaled. Thus South reasoned that East had started with K 6 3 rather than K 7 6 3.

Next time someone asks your opinion about a bridge hand and indicates the smaller cards with Xs, make him fill in the spots. Many a time, X does not mark the spot.

END

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Rikun Warden

9:16.0

*The rites of racing move with
studied slowness, even in the capsule of a
high-speed car. But then
reality cartwheeled into dream*

by DAN GERBER

out of CONTROL

He slipped out of bed so as not to wake her and closed the bathroom door softly behind him. He felt his stomach tense as he began to shave. The ritual of a race day had begun. He would have only coffee and juice for breakfast and only iced tea at the track. He believed he would drive harder if he were hungry, and if anything happened it was medically preferable not to have food in your stomach.

When he finished shaving he would dress in a clean set of flameproof underwear and tuck the tips of his flameproof socks under the leggings. Then he would put his flameproof coveralls over the underwear. According to the statistics, the combination of the two would afford his skin 15 seconds of protection from fire. He would slip on a pair of loafers to wear until it was time to get into the car. The loafers were expensive Italian shoes with gold links. They looked out of place with his battle gear. He would pack the asbestos driving shoes in the helmet bag, along with his helmet, the flameproof balaclava he continued

OUT OF CONTROL

continued

would wear under it and his flameproof gloves. Just before the race he would remove his wristwatch and the Byzantine cross he wore on a chain around his neck and give them to Sam. The helmet would cover Roger's entire head, with just an open space for his eyes, a clear plastic visor that could be unsnapped and flipped up.

Roger wished that racing were as simple as it had been in the '50s, the photographs of Stirling Moss driving in a T shirt or the Marquis de Portago wearing a yellow La Coste sport shirt, a helmet that looked like a baseball cap and a simple pair of goggles. They sat upright in the cars and you could see their arms and shoulders. You could actually identify a driver by seeing him pass in his car, not just by the distinctive color scheme of his helmet or by knowing the car he was driving. You could actually see his face and half his body. That was how Roger imagined racing: Stirling Moss asking him to "Jump in my Maserati and have a go." He wondered if he would have started racing if he'd known it would become this involved, all this paraphernalia. There wouldn't be so much tension, he thought, if there wasn't the ritual of all this gear, like the ritual of a matador dressing for a bullfight. It made it so grim.

Walter Ellison wanted Roger at the track by 10:30, more than three hours before the race would start, just to make sure there was plenty of time, so they wouldn't be rushed, so they could discuss anything there was to discuss, but there was never anything to discuss. He would go over the pit signals with Sam once more, only a way of killing time. Roger couldn't talk before a race. He would try to look relaxed, though his nervous yawns would give him away. Everyone yawned a lot before a race.

He felt like a commodity in his driving suit, with his name embroidered on the left side, Goodyear on the back in large blue letters and all the patches for Champion spark plugs, Shell oil and STP sewn on, as if there weren't enough stickers on the car. When Goodyear had given him his first free driver's suit, he'd worn the patches as badges of pride. Those companies had wanted to associate him with their products; they thought he was somebody. Now he was paid to wear the patches and he felt like the men who used to carry signboards on the streets of Cin-

cinnati announcing the grand opening of a pizza parlor.

He kissed Sheila and told her he'd see her at the victory celebration or at least in the pits after the race. He remembered that Brian Dibley had the pole position. He kissed her only once.

When he got to the track the sedan race was already under way. Roger watched the Mustangs and Camaros and Datsuns and Alfias stream by for a few minutes. He wasn't really interested in the race, it was only a hypnotic stream of cars. He wished the big race had started, wished the waiting were over. He looked at the spectators on the earth bank across from the pits and wished they'd go away, wished all the people around him were gone. How much he'd enjoy the race if he could watch it from the top of the hill, how many hamburgers he'd eat and how many beers he'd drink, watching the sedan race and anticipating the spectacular main event, how he'd sit on the hill in an alcoholic stupor, watching them roar past. Then the sedan race was over and it was quiet, an occasional announcement on the public-address system, the susurrous murmur of voices around him like voices at a wake or in church before the service begins and the clank of a wrench falling against all the other wrenches in the steel drawer of a toolbox.

Now they were beginning to wheel the Can-Am cars into the pit lane. The mechanics were busy on both of Ellison's cars, checking and rechecking, adding safety wire, checking alignment, installing new spark plugs, stacking and marking spare wheels and tires. None of it really seemed to matter now. He looked down the pit straight where it dipped for the first turn, then below the dip to where he could pick up the track again as it crossed the bridge. He tried to remember what gear he'd be in for the first turn after the drag race from the starting grid. It would be second, no, third. If he stayed in second he'd peak out and have to shift in the middle of the corner. He wasn't sure. He'd remember when the time came. He felt clumsy now, he didn't even feel he could slap his thigh and coordinate an adequate quick draw. He slumped, crouched, turned and fired his index finger in the face of Gerald Muldoon, who was about to hand him a large

paper cup of iced tea. "Pow, pow." It was a good motion and he felt better. "Thanks, Gerald." Gerald looked at him strangely, but he knew from experience it would be a mistake to open his mouth.

It was going to be hot for the race. Already he could feel the sweat forming beneath his driving suit. An official voice announcing the drivers' meeting at the start-finish line, drivers milling about waiting for the meeting to begin; one spoke to Roger, Roger said hello. Sheila was there somewhere, watching him. He put her out of his mind, thinking about the first turn. He stood in the middle of the track and looked down the straight. In less than an hour he'd be trying to beat Dibley into that corner. He looked to his right where Dibley's car would be gridded. He felt his legs tense as if it were going to be a footrace.

The official voice talking again. It came from a man in a striped shirt, standing on a platform above them. He was holding a microphone. He said he was the chief steward. Roger knew his name but couldn't think of it now. The man said he wanted a good safe race and that he and his crew were going to do everything they could to make it that way. He rehearsed the starting procedure, and Roger listened carefully. Several crews were warming up engines at the pits, and the chief steward asked them to wait until after the drivers' meeting. He told the drivers they would be given one lap to warm up their cars and that when they came back to the pit straight they'd be directed to their proper places on the grid. There would then be five minutes until the start. He presented the chief starter who explained his sequence of signals for starting the race. Roger listened for any idiosyncrasies in procedure. It was pretty standard. The chief steward took the microphone and wished them a good safe race.

Roger felt he had to relieve himself again, but knew it was too late. The official voice was asking the drivers to go to their cars for the warmup lap. Starter motors whirled, died, caught, and the sound of one engine was lost in the sound of all. Roger watched the tachometer needle rise and fall as he pumped his foot on the throttle. Sam and one of the other mechanics pushed the car backward to clear it for the pit lane. The pit stew-

and motioned the cars out onto the track. Roger felt better now, there was something to do. He eased out of the pit lane and into the first turn. He accelerated and then braked sharply to warm up his brakes. He thought how silly it was to have five minutes between the gridding and the start of the race, five minutes in which the brakes and tires would cool off. He jerked the steering wheel back and forth sharply to scrub in and warm up the tires. It was hot in the car. He noticed spectators in bathing suits, and several corner workers gave him a thumbs-up sign as he passed. He entered the long uphill straight and added the power fully and evenly. He felt the surge as the turbochargers took hold.

Halfway up the straight he braked hard and then accelerated again. He threw the car into the turn at the end of the straight and it felt awkward. He drove through the esses and entered the pit straight slowly. An official motioned him forward. He could see Sam and Walter standing by his spot on the grid. He guided the car into place, and the starter motioned him to come forward. When his tires were on the marks, the starter held up the palms of his hands and Roger touched the brakes. He revved the engine three more times and switched it off.

Sam helped him get out of the cockpit as the starter was guiding Dibley into po-

sition to his right. Roger removed his helmet and walked around the car. He felt the eyes of spectators on him, felt his heart pounding and made himself breathe deeply. Walter squeezed his shoulder and said some words of encouragement. The grid was filled now, alternate rows of twos and threes, almost to the end of the straight. He saw Walter talking to Tim Gaines on the grid just behind him. He turned his back on the other cars. His breath was coming short, and again he forced himself to breathe deeply. He saw Sam wiping his tires with a rag and sweeping the grit off the track in front of them. "Everything counts," Roger said to himself. He'd meant to say, "Every little bit helps," but it hadn't come out right. He laughed at himself for thinking about the phraseology.

A cannon fired and Roger jumped. The two-minute warning. The chief starter held up two fingers. Roger pulled on his helmet and buckled the strap beneath his chin. "One hundred and twenty seconds." He stepped over the fuel tanks and stood on the seat, then slid his legs into the black space beyond the steering wheel. Sam brought all the straps together and helped him fasten them in his lap. He remembered that Foucherau was behind him on the left.

The starter was standing in front of him, the green flag wrapped tightly

around the stick he twirled over his head. Roger punched the red button and felt the vibration behind him. He held the needle at 3,000. He could hear the exhaust of Dibley's engine beside him and then it was lost in the sound of all the other engines. The starter waved his arms from left to right to clear the grid. Walter walked in front of him and gave him a thumbs-up and Sam patted his helmet one final time. Roger was aware of his breath, as regular as a steam engine or a respirator. His eyes were fixed on the man with the flag, who was now holding his fist in the air. Roger raised his right hand to signal he was ready. The flagman looked down the rows of cars to see if the hands of all the drivers were in the air and then slowly brought his hand down to his side again. His movements were smooth and protracted so as not to provoke a false start. Roger moved the gear lever into first and held the clutch to the floor. He revved the engine to 6,000, and the sound of the other engines rose in a scream around and behind him. He realized he'd forgotten his ear plugs. It didn't matter now. His heart was pounding and his eyes fixed on the man with the flag, his thoughts on the first corner and on getting through it first. He was looking down the barrel of a gun. The starter unrolled the green flag and he held it high over his head. He walked

continued



OUT OF CONTROL

continued

slowly to the edge of the track. The scream of the engines rose.

The instant the flagman's hand began to fall Roger let out the clutch. He felt his rear tires break away, then grab, his head snapped back, blue smoke everywhere and he felt the acceleration on his neck and chest, trying to pull his arms away from the wheel. He saw the turn coming to him and he was all alone. He slid through the corner, clipped the apex and drifted to the outside, down the short stretch to turn two. He didn't even know what gear he was in. He just drove. He saw Dibley in his mirrors as he dove down the ravine to the hairpin. He braked hard, downshifted and turned sharply to the right. Now the straight lay before him.

He had a moment to relax as he aimed the car up the hill and fed the power as quickly as the turbochargers would take it. He saw the Goodyear blimp at the crest of the hill and felt his stomach rise as he crested it. The track flattened out, and he slowed for the sweeping right-hander and the ess turn that led to the pit straight. He took the last turn a little too sharply and slid sideways into the pit straight. "Jesus." He saw officials begin to scatter, then the car straightened out. He saw Sam blur by behind the pit barrier, holding his thumb in the air. The first turn was coming up again. He was certain he was in third gear. On the short chute he checked the telltale needle on his tachometer and saw that he hadn't overrevved in the excitement of the first lap. He checked his mirrors and they were filled with Dibley. He made himself concentrate on the track in front of him. He was accelerating up the long straight again, almost 200 miles to go. If they finished this way, they'd be tied in the point standings. "Shut up and drive." As he passed the pits Sam held up a pit board: 1:16.0, which was good time for the first lap. He didn't need to be reminded that there was no time between himself and Dibley.

"It was the damndest thing, the way the birds sang when your mother walked into the garden. They sang other times, of course, but those times seemed to be just rehearsals for the real thing. It was May, I think, when I first noticed it. She was carrying you at the time, and the birds, the birds began singing. I was doing something, weeding the tomatoes or

something, I don't remember what it was, but suddenly I heard the birds, all together as if in a chorus, and I looked up and there she was, standing under the trellis with the morning glories and the birds singing."

Roger had climbed on the trellis. When he was six years old the trellis broke when he'd just reached the center of the arch. He lost his breath when he hit the ground. It had been in November, and the ground was hard and cold. He could see the broken trellis above him where the spunky wood had broken away, the cold blue sky above it, and he couldn't catch his breath. He couldn't speak, but though no sound passed his lips and though he'd never seen her except in the photograph with the snowman and through his father's endless reminiscences, he'd called for his mother at that moment. He wanted her to know. "Drive, Goddammit." He saw Sheila in the long mannish raincoat in the airport in Cleveland and again walking alone behind the pits. The forest blurred in the periphery of his vision and the hairpin rushed toward him. He felt the strain of the harness on his shoulders as the calipers of his brakes clamped down on the polished, ventilated discs, the suspension compressed forward and the road turned 120 degrees to the right. He suddenly felt very cool. He was watching a movie he'd seen before and he knew no matter how close Dibley came, Roger Swain would cross the finish line first. It was the way the script read.

He crested the hill, pulled to the left verge and touched his brakes to let up for the sweeping right. Suddenly Dibley was on his right, sliding a little wide, then regaining control, and as he swept through the turn Roger's view was blocked by the large flat expanse of the tail of Dibley's car and the massive wing rising above it. "Jesus Christ, what's happening?" He followed Dibley out of the ess turn. They slid together into the start-finish straight and steamed past the pits into the first turn as if they were fastened together. Now Roger was driving again. It was easier to follow Dibley. He didn't have to think about anyone behind him and he knew that Dibley couldn't help but glance at him in his mirrors. "There's a long way to go,"

Roger thought. "Time to pick my spot."

Roger picked up the pit sign from Sam: 20 LAPS TO GO.

As they entered the sweeper at the end of the long straight he was pushing Dibley hard. Dibley cut to the inside to block him as they entered the esses. Roger went wide to the outside and beat Dibley to the apex of the second bend of the ess. He fed power through the corner and slid to the outside as they entered the straight, riding Dibley to the edge. Sam was jumping up and down as he passed the pits. Roger checked his mirrors as he dove into the ravine and there was nothing but sky on the track behind him. On the long straight he looked again and saw only a yellow car that he'd lapped. Coming onto the pit straight again he saw it. Halfway up the earth bank Dibley's car sat sideways to the hills. Its wheels, half buried in the dirt, looked as if they'd been cut in half. Dibley stood behind the car, his helmet in his hand. Roger felt a tingling sensation run from his scrotum, up the back of his spine and settle at the base of his skull. With Dibley getting no points this week and his own race for winning, Roger would be firmly ahead in the standings. The next time Roger passed, Sam held up a pit board with no figures, only words: THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

He drove in a cloud of euphoria. He thought of Sheila in the dooryard of his farmhouse, holding the hand of a small boy. He saw Uncle Hugh's stern face peering over the signboard and laughed. "Real money," he said, "real money." He saw Dibley sulking over his spin, his mustache drooping below his chin. He saw himself as the spectators must have seen him, thundering past, a half mile in front. He thought of the boy with the autographed T shirt, of his ex-wife Carrie, hearing the news of his victory on television in Chicago, having second thoughts about the choice she'd made. He smiled as he braked for the hairpin.

He saw the balloon of his father floating in the garden, Sheila in her raincoat under the broken trellis, the Goodyear blimp at the crest of the hill and Foucherau's Porsche in the track ahead of him, closing fast. Foucherau stalled crossways on the track. Roger braked and swerved to the right. The car whipped. He felt the tires break loose. He looked back down the track and saw Foucherau's car dissolving in the tire smoke. He felt the tail of his car getting lighter, the wing react-

continued

An excerpt from "Out of Control," to be published soon by Prentice-Hall.

Plymouth Gold Duster. You buy the car. We'll cover the roof.



The Plymouth Gold Duster is one of the most popular cars we build. No wonder. Gold Duster is a compact, but it has room enough to seat five. And its trunk is really a whopper.

It's a "keeper"

It comes equipped with vinyl seats, thick carpeting, special sound insulation, wheel covers, whitewall tires, and special trim inside and out; the things people usually want on a car anyway.

The roof is on the house.

When you order a Gold Duster with all its equipment, we don't charge your dealer for the vinyl roof. So he doesn't have to charge you.

Electronic ignition.

Something else you'll like about Duster is its Electronic Ignition System. There are no points or condenser to replace. And it helps spark plugs last up to 18,000 miles. So it saves maintenance money.

Tune in NBC-TV, Monday on NBC-TV. Brought to you by Chrysler Corporation

It goes miles and miles on a gallon of gas.

Popular Science magazine recently published test results on '73 cars (with figures adjusted by Popular Science to reflect 1974 model changes and the results of E.P.A. tests). They show that Duster's standard "Slant Six" engine can get more miles per gallon than comparable cars like Nova, Maverick, Comet, and Apollo.

You'll find a lot of things to like about Gold Duster.

Just go to your local Chrysler-Plymouth dealer, and look under the free vinyl roof.



Canopy vinyl roof—no extra charge

Gold Duster.

One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference



OUT OF CONTROL

continued



ing like the wing of a plane as the wind moved over it the wrong way. He felt the shudder as the wheels hit the grass and saw the earth below him. The man in the Kiwanis Club tie held out his hand. "You drove a fine race, Roger." He saw it all behind him, and when the impact came he saw his breath leave his mouth like a separate life.

It was dark now. He could feel the blood in his throat as if he'd inhaled water, trying to reach the surface of the lake. The sky shimmered above a clear plane of water, but his arms and legs had stopped working. His right arm was bent behind his head. He could feel the elbow below his left ear. He saw a face above the lake. The water shimmered and the sky grew darker. He'd forgotten every nightmare he knew.

"It isn't me."

Everything was soaked with dew. He hadn't bothered to put up the tent because the Toronto FM station had fore-

cast zero percent chance of precipitation. He couldn't have imagined there would be so much dew. His sleeping bag was soaked through, and in the morning he put up the tent so that he could hang the bag over it to dry. Dew glazed the cooler and the Coleman stove. The only thing that was dry was his T shirt with Roger Swain's autograph on the front. Meeting Roger Swain had been the only thing that had gone right the whole weekend. He'd had a fight with Alice, the girl he'd brought all the way from Lawrence, Kans., and she'd gone off with a foreign-car salesman from Montreal. That had been on Friday night and now it was Sunday morning. Even his Levi's were soaked. He should have put them in the car. At least he had a good spot; he hadn't hoped it would be this good.

From the top of the hill he could see the main straight from where it crested the hill, the sweeping righthander, the esses and part of the pit straight. He could also catch a glimpse of the cars between

turns one and two and again, as they dove into the hairpin before the main straight. It was warmer than it had been the previous morning. His bathing suit was in the front seat of his Corvair and it was dry. He put it on and waited for the dew to evaporate. The dew beaded up on the roof of his Corvair and proved he had a good wax job. It was possibly the best-preserved Corvair in regular use. What he liked best about it was the engine in the rear, like the Can-Am cars.

By 10 o'clock his Levi's were dry. The sun dried the dew off his car and he made some coffee on his Coleman stove. His sleeping bag hung over the tent stakes like a limp sausage. He decided he'd have to turn it inside out in the afternoon. He missed the start of the sedan race, but that was O.K. He saw them come over the top of the hill, a red Mustang in the lead, dirt-tracking through the esses and disappearing behind the pit structures on the start-finish straight. By the third lap the red Mustang was off by itself, though there was a good race for second place between a Camaro and a Javelin. After 10 laps he lost interest and numbly watched the parade of cars. The red Mustang had lapped more than half the field. He was thinking about Alice and the car salesman from Montreal.

He met a couple of guys from Buffalo who'd driven up for the race. They told him they were graduate students at the State University of New York. He gave them some coffee and told them he'd been at the Mid-Ohio race and that Roger Swain was a friend of his, but they didn't seem too impressed. The taller of the two, whose name was Andy, said he'd met Jackie Stewart at Watkins Glen. They made themselves comfortable and stayed to watch the race from his hill. He hadn't actually invited them, but it was O.K. It was better than watching the race alone and there were a lot of things he could tell them. They didn't want to buy any Roger Swain buttons so he gave them each one. Andy pinned his on his straw hat, and the other guy, whose name he couldn't remember, dropped his in the pocket of his blue work shirt.

It was past noon when he saw the drivers gathering by the officials' pagoda for the drivers' meeting. He spotted Roger Swain and pointed him out to Andy and the other guy. He pointed out Brian Dibley and Jean-Pierre Fouchereau and Scott Munson and Gregory Schaffer, but when

continued

WANTED

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1

Cleanliness. Nothing is more important to businessmen or Holiday Inn than cleanliness. So our Inspection System (see #9) is designed to keep our reputation spotless.



2

Comfort. Each Holiday Inn room is designed for modern, efficient living. Plush carpeting. Comfortable furniture. Oversized beds. A tv. Good lighting for late-night work sessions.



3

Service. Our Holiday Inn employees will serve you promptly and efficiently. And our 24-hour switchboard is always there when you need it.



4

Good Restaurants. Early breakfast to late-night snack you'll find reasonably priced, appetizing food 16 continuous hours a day.



5

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6

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7

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Reservations. Simple. To make a free reservation at any Holiday Inn, call your local Inn, or the toll-free reservations number in the phone book.

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You don't give or receive flowers. You share them.

You share their color, fragrance,
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Where you live and where you work.

To celebrate something happy.

Or to forget something not-so-happy.

Sharing. That's the beauty
of flowers.

Flowers and plants. They're a natural.

OUT OF CONTROL

continued

he realized he was talking to himself he felt stupid. The blood rose to his head and he felt it prick at his temples. "If they don't want to know, I'll be damned if I'm going to waste my breath." The other two were sharing a joint. They passed it to him, but he said, "No, thanks." Andy shrugged and pulled in a lot of air with the smoke; he sounded like a snake. He didn't want to tell them they couldn't smoke it, but it was making him nervous.

"Isn't it a little dangerous doing that here, I mean out in the open?"

"Are you kidding?" the shorter one said. "You worry too much. Things must be tough in Kansas."

He wondered how they knew he was from Kansas. He was sure he hadn't told them. He wondered if it was that obvious, then realized they must have seen the license plates on his car. He heard the sound of engines firing, then heard them begin to accelerate onto the track. Roger Swain's car was the first one over the hill. He watched the silver car ease through the esses and slow as it entered the pit straight. The other cars braked in single file. He could hear them passing and accelerating. It was a vicious sound, the sharp rap of the engines and the high-pitched whistle of the brakes. "Some of those cars turn out close to a thousand horsepower," he said. But the other two weren't listening. He felt his heart pounding. He wondered how Swain could be so cool.

Now the engines were quiet, and he heard a cannon fire. He could see the drivers at the back of the grid getting into their cars. His palms were sweaty, and he could feel his chest rising and falling with his breath as he heard the engines starting again. Now they were revving higher. "Listen to that," he shouted, "they're getting ready to start." The sound of the engines rose even higher and then dropped as clutches engaged and tires began to spin. He felt a tightness in his throat as he watched the chute between the first and second turns. There it was, a silver car. "Swain's got the lead," he shouted, jumping to his feet. He saw it flash briefly again, down the ravine. He could hear the engines coming nearer, winding higher, and the silver Ellison burst over the hill with the Porsche right behind it. With their concave front ends, the cars looked like they were sucking dust off the track.

He watched them pass in tandem, lap after lap, as if they'd rehearsed it, their movements coordinated as if they were flying in formation. It was so beautiful that the next time Andy passed him the joint he took a long drag on it. "Jesus, is that Swain ever cool. He's driving as if he were all alone out there." He remembered the quilted Goodyear jacket Roger had been wearing and the way he'd zipped it up after he'd autographed the T shirt. Now the cars were in the esses again, and he could see something on the tail of Swain's car. "It must be one of the stickers I gave him. He's got the sticker I gave him on his car." He remembered the first time he'd seen Swain race, when he'd won the Trans-Am race at Wentzville, Mo. in a Mustang. He'd run away with it like the Mustang in the race that morning.

Something was happening. The blue Porsche was driving inside Roger. It had outranked him and was cutting inside in the esses. It had taken the lead. Swain's car fell in behind and they stuck together in reverse order. "Swain'll get it back, he'll get it back," he hollered, but the other two didn't respond. They were eating candy bars and drinking more beer. There wasn't much time left. He told Roger to make his move. Roger was going wide in the esses, heading straight for the apex of the last turn before the pits. He was inside the Porsche, but the Porsche was trying to hold on. He saw the dust, saw people on the earth bank running. When the dust cleared he could see the Porsche stuck in the sand. It looked broken. He watched Dibley climb out and scramble up the bank, watched the safety crews running toward the car with fire extinguishers, watched Dibley take off his helmet and stand with his hands on his hips. Roger had done it. His car was all alone the next time past. Foucherau was almost half a lap back.

He saw smoke coming from Foucherau's Porsche as it entered the pit straight, and as it crested the hill it slid slowly in its own oil and stopped sideways on the track. Foucherau climbed out. He tried to push the car off the track but turned when he heard the sound of other cars behind him. A corner worker waved a yellow flag as Swain's car crested the hill. Foucherau was running into the field. He tripped and fell in the grass. Swain was going to collide with the stalled car; no, he swerved. His car was

continued



Raph Richman fell hard for beautiful Sonia Katz. But she remained unimpressed. The young intern tried gin, vodka, scotch, rum and even wine. "Thanks, but no thanks," sighed Sonia Katz. Finally, Raph whipped up an Instant EarlyTimes Pussycat. What happened?

That sweet-sour taste instantly won her over. Forever. "Purr-fect," Sonia giggled. "Raph....it's the Katz meow!"



Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-10% oz. Pussycat glasses & 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix,* send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359. *Offer valid only where legal—limited time only.

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OUT OF CONTROL

continued

sliding backward down the track. It happened so fast and yet it seemed to happen in slow motion. He heard the whistle of the brakes and saw the smoke from the tires, saw Roger turn his head to look back to where he'd been, and the only sound the horrible scrubbing of the tires before the wheels hit the grass on the verge of the asphalt. He could see the car in the air now almost gliding above the track, see the arms hanging from the cockpit. It seemed to climb higher in the still air. He saw corner workers scrambling to get away, saw fiber glass shredding as the car touched the ground and rose again, saw one wheel roll down the track and into the turn, saw it bounce on the earth bank and disappear over the other side, saw one outstretched arm beneath the wreckage before it disappeared in flame and the black smoke of oil, rubber and asphalt. He saw the clock on the pit tower at four o'clock in the afternoon.

He didn't have to wait for the announcement. The safety crews were driv-

en back by the exploding fuel. The car seemed to melt like one of the plastic ships he'd filled with paint and burned as a child. The flagmen kept waving the yellow flags, and the other cars crept by. He told the guys from Buffalo to get off his tarp. He pulled down the tent and stuffed it in the back of his car. He dumped the Coleman stove and everything else in the luggage compartment and slammed the lid.

The dense smoke billowed beyond the hill, then, caught by the breeze in the upper air, it swirled and spread in a thin stream, almost obscuring the Goodyear blimp. He heard the sirens through the public-address system. They sounded unreal as if wailing from a toy or a television set.

He wanted to drive straight through to Lawrence, wanted to go as far and as fast as he could. He turned on the radio and heard a commercial for late-model used cars, all fully guaranteed. He switched it off. He pushed his foot to the

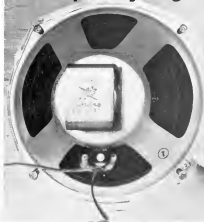
floor, and the wind past the window began to buffet his head. South of Toronto it began to rain.

He couldn't erase the black smoke and the orange flame, the helpless men standing around the burning car, the gray cast it gave to the sky. He saw the fog of the fire extinguishers and the impossible angle of the head as they lifted the body to the stretcher. He saw Roger zipping up his blue windbreaker.

He slowed and let the car coast to a stop on the shoulder of the road. He pulled the T shirt over his head and looked at the autograph. It was smudged with sweat and with the rain that had blown in through the window. He folded it carefully, laid it in the glove box and closed the door.

In the morning he saw the Goodyear blimp above the highway. It worked its way west against the prevailing winds off the Great Lakes and the plains beyond them, headed for Wisconsin and another race in which he had no interest. **END**

"If this stuff can stand up to hard rock, it can stand up to anything!"



Chris Martin of Decatur, Illinois, builds stereo speaker systems. For acoustical reasons, the cabinets must be sealed airtight.

Chris tried glue and conventional caulks, but they were too rigid to hold up over a long period of time. Then he tried Dow Corning® Silicone Rubber Bath Tub Caulk.

"You've sold me on this stuff," says Chris.

"After a year of intense vibration, the caulk was still as pliable as when I put it on."

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Only Top-Flite® has the complete control system

Analysis based on advertisements available as of Feb. 10, 1974 for competitive products listed.

LEADING CLUBS	IRONS		WOODS		
	HEEL & TOE WEIGHTING	LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY	HEEL & TOE WEIGHTING	LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY	WEIGHTING UP FRONT
SPALDING TOP-FLITE	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
ACUSHNET TITLEIST	✓				
WILSON 1000	✓	✓			✓
PGA RYDER CUP 8	✓		✓		
WILSON STAFF	✓				
HAGEN ULTRAFLITE II	✓	✓			✓
NOGAM DIRECTOR IRONS/AMF WOODS	✓				
POWER-BILT THROATBOMBED	✓				
MAUGERDOR TOURNEY	✓	✓	✓		

Dy-Nertial™ weighting in both woods and irons

Read the ads and you realize there are as many weighting systems as there are club manufacturers.

But, only Spalding Top-Flite puts the weight in *all* the critical control areas—and in both the woods and the irons. Heel and toe weighting in both woods and irons. A low center of gravity in both woods and irons. Plus, weighting up front in the clubface of the woods.

If the only off-center hits you made were to the right or left of center, heel and toe weighting would be enough. But, most golfers also hit



“thin” a lot. So, a low center of gravity is essential, too.

And, since control is the name of the game no matter what club you're hitting, we put Dy-Nertial weighting in the woods as well as the irons. Plus, we put it right up front in the clubface to give you iron-like control with the woods.

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SPALDING®

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT ALL DUCK SOUP

Sir,

Oregon State? Oregon State who? I certainly wouldn't have known from your Feb. 25 cover story (*Ambush on the Oregon Trail*), so allow me to inform you. Oregon State is the team that broke UCLA's 49-game winning streak in the Pacific Eight. It is the team that broke down and humiliated the awesome UCLA offense and blazed the trail for a similar UCLA defeat at the hands of a University of Oregon team led by an imitation Paul Miller named Bruce Cokken.

You speak of Oregon's "Kamifone" team, let's speak of an Oregon State team that dared to start three freshmen, a junior and one senior against the No. 1 team in the nation—and won!

TIM ABBOTT

Corvallis, Ore.

Sir:

After reading Kenny Moore's article on UCLA's losses to Oregon State and Oregon,

I can't help wondering if he was wearing his University of Oregon letterman's jacket when he wrote it.

JEFF KURTZ

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

In case no one has mentioned it, UCLA has felt the effects of an interesting new application of the now famous Oregon Plan: 1) On odd-numbered days Oregon State will beat you; 2) on even-numbered days Oregon will beat you.

I can only assume that neither Oregon State nor Oregon will play basketball on Sundays.

EDWARD H. SMITH JR.

Danville, Va.

Sir:

Regarding Kenny Moore's story, there are no secret formulas as to what happened to UCLA over the "lost weekend." Graciously sakes, with the reams of publicity, you'd

think that UCLA was dropping basketball! Lost the public forget, the most exciting and satisfying NCAA tournament in recent years occurred in 1970 and was won by a UCLA team that also had lost two Pac Eight contests and was reported to be drained emotionally by a 13-point loss at Eugene followed by a one-point loss to USC immediately before the NCAA's. The only "intensive care" the Walton Gang needs is a game that is do or die, and there is one more of those coming up.

JEFF KURTZ

Burbank, Calif.

AK, SPRING!

Sir:

As a charter subscriber still clutching my original copy to my breast, I feel compelled to write my very first fan letter—to anybody. Frank Deford's *Rites and Wrongs of Spring* (Feb. 25) is the greatest piece of news since my last IRS refund. He has captured the feelings of all us "oldtimers." The clichés on

continued

Where science isn't fiction. RK Organic Protein Shampoo.

Here's a shampoo that wasn't dreamed up by mass merchandisers. Instead, it's scientifically formulated to meet your hair's needs. For sound scientific reasons it does a great job.

RK Organic Protein Shampoo contains natural organic protein derivatives. Because your hair is 97% protein, we make RK's broad spectrum of amino acids (protein building blocks) and polypeptides absorbable into the hair shaft. Your hair gets inside help.

Our chemists give RK Shampoo a low "pH" pH is a measure of acidity and alkalinity. RK's low pH means it's slightly acidic, like normal hair and skin. Quite the opposite of the alkaline pH of many shampoos which can be harsh and drying. So RK is a gentle shampoo. You can use it every day to help keep your hair looking its best, lustrous and healthy.

RK Organic Protein Shampoo is a professional product available only at your barber stylist. Ask for it and the full line of RK hair and skin products. See what our Scientific Approach to Hair and Skin Care can do for you.



Only at your barber stylist.



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Proving ground facts reveal:

Cadillac Sedan deVilles average 15.8 mpg at 55 mph in fuel economy tests.



Four-door models
average 12.0 mpg
in suburban city driving.

Results of recent Cadillac fuel economy tests are now official.

They show that ten Cadillac Sedan deVilles, selected at random, averaged an impressive 15.8 miles per gallon at a steady speed of 55 miles per hour (maximum federal speed). In suburban city driving (average speed 24 mph with 10 stops per mile) the same ten new Sedan deVilles averaged 12.0 miles per gallon.

For those who have always thought of Cadillac as a highly efficient automobile, it comes as no great surprise. For others who think first of Cadillac roominess and comfort as the flagship of the GM fleet, the results are most revealing.

Engineers conducted the tests at our proving ground under actual driving

conditions using four-door Sedan deVilles with radial tires and a standard 2.93 axle. Cars were equipped with popular options, but air conditioning was turned off. In all tests, cars carried the weight of two average-sized passengers.

Of course, the mileage you get depends upon how and where you drive. But Cadillac's performance in these tests shows that you don't have to sacrifice quality, comfort or security for efficiency. Not when you consider, too, that no Cadillac made since 1971 requires premium gasoline.

This kind of mileage is another example of the kind of engineering General Motors is putting into its cars.

For a personal demonstration of the efficiency of the 1974 Cadillac, we invite you to visit your authorized Cadillac dealer soon.

General Motors wants you to drive what you like—and like what you drive. And mileage is one more reason to like—and buy Cadillac.

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- ☐ Mike Phlips 4N15
- ☐ Jim Plunkett 1A16
- ☐ Mike Reid 3A74
- ☐ Gale Sayers 3N40
- ☐ O.J. Simpson 2A36
- ☐ Bubba Smith 2N7B

- ☐ Roger Staubach 5N12
- ☐ Charley Taylor 16N42
- ☐ Oles Taylor 6A99
- ☐ John Unitas 10A19
- ☐ Paul Warfield 7A42

- ☐ Hank Aaron 1N1
- ☐ Johnny Bench 3N4
- ☐ Roberto Clemente 8N1
- ☐ Ferguson Jenkins 2N5
- ☐ Willie Mays 6N2
- ☐ Brooks Robinson 1A1
- ☐ Tom Seaver 6N1
- ☐ Carl Yastrzemski 2A1

- ☐ Arthur Ashe 172
- ☐ Rod Laver 171
- ☐ Ken Rosewall 173
- ☐ Stan Smith 174

- ☐ Olga Korbut 4237
- ☐ Mark Spitz 4022
- ☐ Secretariat 71B4

1966 research on the stadium, sports events accounted for only 16.1% of the event days listed in a projected calendar of events in the stadium.

As proof of my statements, I refer you to the final report of the Gulf South Research Institute, dated Oct. 11, 1966, including the following quote from page 11: "The data presented in this research were used by the Governor's special Stadium Finance Committee to prepare the financing plan included in the bill passed by the Legislature." This was the only research done on the stadium at that time, and was widely used to "sell" the stadium to the voters in the statewide election in November 1966.

Even Mr. Levy's stadium capacity figure of 80,101 is questionable. Mr. Earl Stohl, project engineer for the stadium architect-engineer team, says there is no way to know exactly how many seats will be in the stadium until they are actually installed, but these figures will be close. For football, 71,827 seats; for a Super Bowl game, including standing room, 75,795.

DAN HARDESTY
Sports Editor
State Times

Baton Rouge, La.

HONING IN ON HOCKEY

Sir:

Thanks to Mark Mulvoy for the vignettes of Canadian and American hockey madness (*Bold Blades from Sea to Sea*, Feb. 25). I especially enjoyed the section on Minnesota high school hockey, which certainly is religion around here. Witness the fact that the Metropolitan Sports Center (home of the North Stars) is packed for the state tournament despite statewide television coverage of each game. One correction: Hibbing has not won the state title twice in the past two years. Its victory came last year after the Blackjacks upset defending champion International Falls in the semifinals.

While many Twin Citizens would dispute the contention that "the Iron Range Conference is the best high school league in the country," I prefer to believe it. The Range teams' overall depth is hard to argue with and their consistent success in the state tournament speaks for itself. This becomes even more significant when one considers that they must travel south to Minneapolis for the tournament each year and play the metropolitan area teams in their own backyard.

PETER CALROSEN

St. Paul

Sir:

When I saw that the article mentioned collegiate hockey, I was overjoyed, but I was hurt that you did not mention the Michigan Tech Huskies, who for the past couple of months have been rated No. 1 in the nation. Our school of 5,000 doesn't have much more to brag about than its engineers, its drinkers and its hockey team. The first two categories understandably don't deserve articles in your magazine, but I would like to see some praise given to Coach John MacInnes and his players. Hopefully, they will be going on to the NCAA championship.

SCOTT FARQUHAR

Hancock, Mich.

HIGH FLYERS

Sir:

Mr. Parkinson in his letter (Feb. 18) calls the Philadelphia Flyers "undertalented Neanderthals" and talks of how they have disgraced hockey. This team that disgraces hockey is drawing record crowds around the league. In fact, the largest crowd (near 20,000) ever to witness a Canadiens game saw Montreal beat the Flyers on Jan. 7, and our team is sold out for the entire season at the Spectrum (17,007). As to the comment



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that the Flyers' game is fighting, well, when you've got the MVP in Bobby Clarke, a second center like Rick MacLeish, All-Star defensemen in Ed Van Impe and Joe Watson, and the best goalie in the league in Bernie Parent, it's difficult to believe that all they do is fight.

As to Parkinson's comments on the limited talents of Dave Schultz, last week he led the league in shooting percentage: 18 goals in 78 shots (.230). Behind him were Yvan Cournoyer and John Bucyk at .222 and .217. True, Schultz also leads the league in penalty minutes. At his present pace he will easily break Keith Magnuson's single-season record of 291, and could reach 400. But people should remember Dave usually takes someone to the box with him.

People are paying to see the Flyers fight, but also to see a great young offensive and defensive machine that will eventually take the Stanley Cup.

FRED HICKMAN

Selinsgrove, Pa.

Sir:

I really can't blame a Boston Bruin fan for considering the Flyers "a team of under-talented Neanderthals." I've come to expect foolish statements from Bruin fans who shower their own rink with bottles and cans. Quick, somebody notify the authorities to confiscate all belts, shoelaces and razor blades in the Boston Garden. That's right, friends, it's time for a sanity test.

DAVID LUKHUIS

Philadelphia

SUPERMOUTHS

Sir:

I concur with Roone Arledge's caustic comment regarding Ray Scott's inaccuracy (SportsCenter, Feb. 18). I have long been of the opinion that Scott was the worst of all announcers in this respect, and considering the fact that he rarely offers more than yard markers, identifying players, etc., his shortcoming is all the more alarming. In the 1972 Super Bowl I sat down when the game started to record his errors. I stopped in the middle of the second quarter with the count already at 23.

RICHARD J. DAVIS

Vandenberg AFB, Calif.

Sir:

Listening to the commentary during the Los Angeles Open golf tournament should settle the argument about the best television announcer Ray Scott may have a great voice but his dissertation revealed very little knowledge of golf and even less ability to recognize the players. Typical carry-over from his football announcing.

Howard Supermouth is my choice.

A.B. BOWER JR.

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

continued

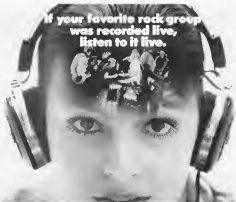
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15TH HOLE continued

HONEY SHOTS (CONT.)

Sir

As frustrated Stanford males, my roommate and I can fully identify with Andy Sidaris' opinion concerning Stanford women (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Feb. 11). We are sure Andy will get a lot of flack from our offended females, but the truth hurts and he hit a nerve. And please don't send hairbrushes, you wouldn't try to overhaul an automobile engine with only a screwdriver.

JIM ERICKSON

JIM COOK

Stanford, Calif.

Sir

How can Andy Sidaris of ABC television consider himself an authority on girl watching? He can't even tell a coed from a chorus girl! He has some nerve to give a blanket condemnation of Big Ten coeds after his selection of honey shots at the 1972 UCLA-USC football game. On at least three separate occasions ABC-TV flashed its nationwide audience a closeup of skin-flick starlet Edy Williams! If she had been clothed in anything less than her UCLA blue-and-gold bikini when she whipped open her fur coat for Sidaris' camera, Chris Schenkel and Bud Wilkinson would probably have swallowed their microphones and ABC-TV would indeed have set a record for the most comprehensive college football coverage (or uncoversage).

ERIC E. JAALL

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

I can only wonder if my ABC friend Andy Sidaris is really old enough to remember the styles of 1812. Perhaps he has been locked in that dark truck too long watching too many pictures at the same time. Or maybe his usually voyeuristic cameramen are deceiving him here on The Farm, fearful that an overly stimulating Stanford "honeyshot" might just bring the little fellow in the truck right out of his elevator shoes.

At any rate, our roving camera focused on 15 luscious beauties in less than 30 minutes in a recent Saturday afternoon while meandering among a rugby game, a swimming meet and an afternoon basketball contest. The next time that big ABC truck rolls this way we'll have our staff at the famed Stanford Medical Center examine little Andy and send to any lingering wounds from the War of 1812.

BOB MURPHY

Sports Information Director
Stanford University

Stanford, Calif.

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Extra Long 10 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. 73)

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